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[Registered for Transmission Abroad.]

VOL. 45—No. 36.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

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(Contralto)

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MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing her admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," at Dover, on Tuesday next, September 10th.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing at the Promenade Concerts, Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, Sept. 16th to 25th; Greenwich, Oct. 1st; Faversham, 2nd; Greenwich, 8th; Promenade Concerts, Town Hall, Newcastle, Oct. 25th to Nov. 2nd. Letters respecting engagements en route (singly, or with a complete party) to be addressed to 8, Westbourne Square, Hyde Park, W.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing BENEDICT's popular Variations on "THE CARNAVAL OF VENICE," and her own admired song, "A DAY TOO LATE," during her engagements at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate, Sept. 16th to 25th; and at Mr. Rea's Promenade Concerts, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Oct. 25th to Nov. 2nd.

MISS MARIE STOCKEN will sing, during her tour through Wales with Miss KATE GORDON, "THE LOVER AND THE BIRD," "THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS OF SPAIN," BALFE's "LAY OF THE CAPTIVE LARK," and the popular Duet (with Mr. ALFRED HEMMING), "I'M AN ALSATIAN," from OFFENBACH's *Lisichen und Fritschen*.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN is now making her engagements (as Principal Soprano in Oratorios and Concerts) for the Autumn and Winter season in the Provinces, including Scotland and Ireland. All communications addressed to her at Messrs. METZLER's, 37, Great Marlborough Street, W., will receive immediate attention.

MDLLE. ANGELINA SALVI, *Prima Donna* (Soprano Contralto) from the principal theatres in Italy, has arrived in London and is open to engagements for Opera (Italian and English) Concerts, Oratorios &c. Address care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.

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MR. KING HALL (at present SOLO PIANIST at the Hall-by-the-Sea) will be happy to receive pupils on his return to Town, of which due notice will be given.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to inform their Friends and Pupils that they have returned to Town for the Season, 32, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park.

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing—Monday evening, Sept. 9th, and Tuesday, Sept. 10th, at the Hall-by-the-Sea, Margate; 11th, Cheltenham; 12th, 13th, and 14th, Margate. He will also commence his Scotch engagements at the City Hall, Glasgow, on the 21st, and will return to Town the first week in October. Letters respecting engagements and pupils to be addressed to his residence, 128, Adelaide Road, St. John's Wood Park.

MR. WILBYE COOPER begs that all letters and engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, etc., may be addressed to him—Adelphi Chambers, Strand, or Fern Bank, Ascot, Berks.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing BLUMENTHAL'S new song, "TWILIGHT SONG," and his own popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Miss Cecile Fernandez's Concert, on the 10th inst., at Dover.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his immensely popular song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at all his Engagements during the Season.

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"Mr. Wilford Morgan was encored in his own song, 'My Sweetheart when a Boy.'"—*Morning Star*.

HERR CARL STEPAN (Court Singer to the Grand Duke of Baden) begs to announce his return to Town. All communications for Lessons, Concerts, and Provincial Tours, may be addressed care of Schott & Co., 159, Regent Street, or his residence, No. 18, St. Mary's Road, Westbourne Park, W. Schools and Colleges attended.

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By **H. WYLDE**, Mus. Doc., Gresham Professor.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL OF

F. J. FETIS,

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This Manual combines every requisite and knowledge useful to the Student Composer, Leaders and Conductors of Orchestras, and Bandmasters. It is illustrated with the Scales of every String and Wind Instruments, with copious examples how to be practically and effectively used; with general directions to the above in every department, both vocal and instrumental, and in the general management of an orchestra.

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London: DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A MANUAL FOR COMPOSERS, &c.*

(Concluded from p. 589).

CHAPTER VI.

On Rehearsals and Performance.

245. Rehearsals are important to the proper performance of an opera, a symphony or any piece of music, not only for the correctness of execution, but to ameliorate the composition, for writers frequently correct their works after a first essay, and also whatever errors may have crept into the copies of the parts.

246. It is impossible at first sight to catch either the character of the composition, or the sentiment and intention of the author: these are only acquired after a number of rehearsals, particularly if the work presents new combinations and unexpected modulations. At each rehearsal, which should be a careful one, some progress should be made; nothing inspires so much laxity on the part of performers as unprofitable rehearsals: the leader should, therefore, be careful not to waste the time of those who subsist by their profession.

247. The score should be well studied by the leader before rehearsals are called, he should also confer with the composer to ascertain his views, if possible.

248. At the first rehearsal, the leader should confine himself to making the movements perfectly understood by beating the time distinctly, leaving for another time the various lights and shades necessary for a perfect rendering. Great determination should be evinced by the leader in insisting upon each performer correcting at the time any error that may be met with; the memory cannot retain all that occurs, and the same fault constantly recurs.

249. It may be affirmed that half of the rehearsals lavished upon works might be dispensed with, owing to the lax manner in which they are frequently conducted. Rehearsals for an opera commence with the singers before these are by any means perfect in their music: this the leader should stoutly object to.

250. Many of the faults of execution arise from the inattention of the musicians, particularly the wind instrument players, who, having constantly many bars' rest, count them carelessly, and come in either too soon, too late, or take up, if in time, precipitately, without any preparation of the lips. This the leader should be careful of, by calling the attention of the performer by a look a few bars before the passage is to be taken up.

251. The conductor, or as is frequently the leader, directs with the violin, which necessarily deprives him of a great deal of the action required, as the instrument in most cases is useless, whereas, with the baton, his action is unrestricted; besides the baton has the advantage of marking the time more decisively, and, consequently, facilitates the indication of the required movement.

252. Detached passages should be indicated by short decided movements of the baton—*forte*, by an energetic motion; *rinforzando*, by an inflection which marks the necessary effect; *crescendo*, by an enlarged progression of movements; to these should be superadded the expression of the face, which should be characterized by an impress of enthusiasm, which never fails to command attention.

253. It is an indisputable fact that the excellence of the execution of an orchestra depends as much upon the tact and ability of the conductor, as upon the executants, as frequently a good conductor will excel with a mediocre band, while an orchestra of first-rate artists will sink beneath mediocrity with an indifferent conductor.

254. Firmness of character is indispensable to a conductor. During rehearsals he should insist on absolute silence, admit no excuses for faults, never compromise his authority by false decisions or false measures which he may afterwards have to withdraw, and particularly to bestow praise when it is due: no encouragement to an artist so great as praise from him who is determined that duty shall be properly performed.

255. The beat of the baton, or the foot, is unpleasant, and disturbs the effect of the music; the time should be given by the baton moving in space; however, should the orchestra hurry or get slow, a single blow of the baton on the first beat of the bar will suffice to bring it back to the proper time.

256. In slow movements the simple division of the bars is not enough, the divisions should be in accordance with the character of the time, e.g., in $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$ time, three or four beats, and so in like manner for all others.

257. When the time should be increased or decreased, the leader should attract the attention of the whole orchestra, and he should determine with precision the variations necessary; if these are progressive the greater care becomes of paramount importance.

CHAPTER VII.

On the respect of a conductor or a leader for the works of a composer.

258. Under the frivolous pretext of improvement, certain conductors mutilate the works of composers—excise certain portions, superadd instruments, or give the part of one instrument to another, in order, as they say, to produce a better effect. The *clangor tubarum* noise being an essential part of music, brass instruments are added to ancient pieces in order to rejuvenate them. Mozart did this to some of Handel's oratorios, but he performed his task with tact, discernment, and the good taste which characterized all he did. It does not, however, prove that Mozart acted wisely. An instance may be cited. In the musical fêtes given at Brussels in 1834, the number of chorus and musicians was very great. At the first rehearsal of the *Messiah* the voices and string instruments only tried it. There were 30 first violins, as many second violins, 25 tenors, 30 violoncellos, and 26 double-basses. An extraordinary sensation was produced upon hearers and performers when the vigorous music of Handel was heard in its primitive form by this formidable orchestra of stringed instruments, the effect of which was afterwards considerably diminished when the super-addition of wind instruments was made by Mozart. The music having been originally calculated for stringed instruments only, the great character of the first thought was lost.

259. It is not unfrequently the case that a composer develops too lengthily certain pieces, which, in an opera, militates against the rapidity of dramatic action. What is the consequence? Poet, manager, stage director, and actors all insist upon the necessity of excision. If the composer is present he naturally resists, but if absent the conductor or leader mercilessly accedes to the sacrifice required. There is nothing more difficult than to cut a properly-constructed piece of music. A part is found where the modulation permits its joining another part, and that is deemed sufficient; but the periodical return of ideas is completely broken, a fine composition is mangled, because, forsooth, rapidity of action is wanting. How preferable to this unmeaning mutilation would be its entire suppression. The audacious hand, even at a rehearsal without any previous study of the author's conception, mars a work which has cost weeks, nay months, of deep meditation.

CONCLUSION.

260. The various parts of art expounded succinctly in this book comprise the scientific repertory of a young composer, who wishes to devote himself to the free style of conductors and leaders, and it is hoped that this Manual contains much useful information. If read with attention there can be little doubt of the advantages to be gained, which habit and experience will not fail to render valuable.

CHRISTIANA.—Herr C. A. H. Arnold, the highly-esteemed violoncellist, died on the 9th August. He was born in Berlin, on the 8th June, 1824.

MADRID.—The young *prima donna*, Rita Sonnieri, is engaged at the Teatro Real.—The Duke de la Roca, son of Queen Christina, is about to marry Mlle. Grobecker, of the Karl Theater, Vienna.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—In his *History of Music*, Dr. Burney says that, when he came to London, in 1744, he could not meet with any other music than Handel's "Exercises" and "Organ-Concertos." At the present day, the catalogue of Oliver Ditson and Co., of Boston, U.S., contains above 53,000 pieces. In America, if a dance prove successful, there is nothing extraordinary in its going through an edition of 100,000 copies. Ditson's catalogue comprises several insignificant but popular waltzes and songs, for each of which the composer has been paid more than Mozart received for *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte* together.

* By F. J. Fetis. Translated from the original by Wellington Guerusey.

MUSICAL TRAVELLING-IMPRESSIONS FROM THE EAST.

By FERY KLETZER.*

Batavia, the 29th June, 1866.

It is a universally known fact that Batavia is one of the finest colonies, and Java the finest island in the world. The population of Batavia is civilized, friendly, and most especially kind and obliging towards strangers, when recommended either by letters of introduction or by their own worth. The Batavian is fond of patronizing European artists—but—*tout comme chez nous*, likes being paid, after his own fashion, for so doing. That an artist asked out to dinner or tea here is expected never to come without his instrument, is an understood thing. Herr Jacobson, a rich banker from Amsterdam, said recently, after a supper he had given, and in reference to certain artists whom, for the purpose of showing off a little, he had invited to it: "These people do not at all please me. I gave them a supper, and they have not so much as thanked me for it." These words will strike the reader as still more characteristic of the feeling entertained by the rich merchants here when we inform him that the very same Herr Jacobson absolutely entreated me for four whole days, as a favour, to dine and play at his house, as he wanted to be the first to secure me.

Herr Rochuson, a son of the former Governor, plays, thanks to his name, an important part in Samarang. He took all imaginable pains to get us to his house. After we had played there, he forced upon us two letters of recommendation,† in which he describes us as two artists, and begs the persons to whom the letters were addressed to assist us, for Heaven's sake, as *we had no money*.—The Governor himself does nothing for art, and, as a rule, resides at Buitengorg, which is four hours' journey from here. His want of feeling and indifference in the matter not unfrequently infects the other grand people of the place. Notwithstanding this, musical matters are comparatively more flourishing in Java than elsewhere. Every town, even the smallest, possesses its Vocal Association, or its "Harmony" (band.) At Samarang and Sourabaya, we actually found two musical directors, who, notwithstanding they are mere ordinary hauboists, and can scarcely tell you what a triad is, have a guaranteed monthly salary of from nine hundred to a thousand florins. The circumstance is easily explained, however, as these two gentlemen are the only professional pianists and music-masters in the above two towns.

In Batavia there is a Vocal Association consisting of thirty-six members, who, under the guidance of their talented conductor, Herr von Hemmert, sometimes give performances of great merit. How susceptible people here are in musical matters is proved by the fact that a Count B. challenged the above conductor for having asserted that the Count had sung out of tune. There are several pianists, also, in Batavia, who gain a considerable income by their art. The principal, if not the most talented, one among them is Herr Reichmann, who gives lessons in the best families, and, by his interest, can be of exceedingly great service to foreign artists desirous of playing here.‡ I must mention, likewise, some

* From the Berlin *Tonkünstler Verein*. Herr H. Mendel, the editor of the above paper, informs us that, some time since, Herr Fery Kletzer, the well-known Hungarian Violoncellist, forwarded him the following papers, with liberty to publish them, if they should strike him as being sufficiently interesting. In the year 1864, Herr Fery Kletzer and Herr Charles Wehle resolved to make a professional tour round the world. They had not got further than Java, however, when the former was attacked by a serious illness, and the latter, being recalled to Europe by the death of his father, compelled to leave his comrade to his fate. On his recovery, Herr Kletzer abandoned his project of proceeding further, and, shortly afterwards, returned home like his friend.

† Wehle opened them, as he had resolved not to deliver any letter which did not contain the truth. We did not require any letters, however, as we enjoyed a good name.

‡ Reichmann does not play particularly well, but is a good musician. On one occasion, Wehle behaved very grandly towards Reichmann, who determined to punish him by means of his superior knowledge. By Reichmann's influence, Wehle was invited to an evening party at the Austrian Consul's. He was there requested to transcribe for a certain singer a melody (the death-scene from *Lucia*) half a tone lower. He confessed himself unable to do so. As, however, he had announced himself as a pianist from Paris he lost all his previous reputation. Reichmann, on the other hand, played grand Concert-pieces, and immediately transposed all he played. As Wehle, moreover, played nothing save his "Marche Cosaque," "Tarantella," and "Canzonetta," he forfeited the good opinion people had entertained of him, and when he announced his intention of giving lessons in Batavia, he—did not obtain a single pupil.

of the more prominent musical amateurs, who are most affable towards, and ready to oblige, all professional visitors. They are: Herr Meyll, a young man, with a good theoretical education; Herr von Hemmert, an artist of good taste and energy; Herr Tribelli, a gentleman endowed with a great fondness for art and study but not properly trained; Herr Wablen, a respectable tenor; and Herr Schwartz, a baritone, whose voice has been gone a very long time. Another gentleman, whom I must not pass over in silence, is Herr Baay, a true Mécenas of art, of more use to professional visitors than all the individuals already named put together, for, if necessary, he gives them money. Herr Westermann is equally amiable, and ever ready to help artists both by word and deed. I most particularly recommend Mad. Wunderbeck to all travelling concert-givers; she sings exceedingly well, and renders German songs more especially with a great deal of feeling.

Samarang, too, can boast of some sterling amateurs, whose great aim is to assist foreign artists to the utmost of their power. Herr Ter Meer, is a musical amateur who has heard a great deal in the course of his life, and knows how to appreciate what is good; Herr Borell, an officer, is a very good pianist, playing and accompanying with marked talent. There are few *Concertstücke* that he does not possess or play. The conductor of the local orchestra, which is very passable, and consists partly of military performers, is Herr Hösel, formerly a hauboist, from Holland.

Sourabaya boasts of several young people with very good voices, who have combined to form a well conducted Vocal Association. Solo possesses only two families that are musical: the Wilkens and the Schulz, in both of which the foreign artist will meet with a friendly welcome and assistance. Dyneja is highly musical; Herr Feltkamp accompanies very well, and Mdle. Sion is a skilful pianist. On our return to Batavia, after having made a short tour through the neighbouring towns, we resolved to get up a few concerts. Just at that time there was an operatic company, under the management of Herr Lemoine, performing at the Theatre, but their performances were not very numerous attended. We accepted, therefore, the invitation of the Aurora Society to play at their concert for the sum of five hundred florins. The successful issue of this concert encouraged us to come to an agreement with the manager of the Theatre. Lemoine placed two days in the week, Wednesday and Saturday, at our disposal. The first Saturday fell, unfortunately, on a general holiday; the consequence was that very few people came, and our whole receipts amounted to only 250 florins. As a matter of course, Lemoine took care to be well paid for the building and the co-operation of his band, which was very bad. As this first concert did not prove very lucrative to either party, Lemoine withdrew his word, and refused to let us have the Theatre again. I spoke to my patrons, Westermann, Tribelli, and others, who immediately set about getting up a concert for me. It brought in 800 florins. We took even a larger amount at a concert which was got up to oblige me at the Theatre, and which was also our farewell concert. We resolved to proceed next to Samarang and Sarabaya. There are three ships, subsidized by the Government, which sail from Batavia to those places. They are very good, the cooking and all the arrangements being admirable. The only drawback is that the prices are somewhat too high, and we did not know, even on our return, that the company charges artists half-price only. The entire journey from Batavia to Samarang occupies altogether thirty hours, and costs sixty florins a head.

Samarang is not so fine as Batavia. The vegetation there is not so luxuriant as in the latter place, though the heat is far greater. The town itself is narrow, the houses being built close together, and surrounded by the huts of the natives. The European or elegant quarter, separated from the other quarters by a large square, consists of three streets, the houses in which are very fine, and surrounded by magnificent gardens. The town possesses only two inns, in every respect resembling each other. The expense of living there, everything included, varies from five to six florins a day; four florins extra per day are charged for the use of the carriage. The evenings in Samarang are far more agreeable and cool than in Batavia, because the mountains in the neighbourhood diffuse a most refreshing temperature through the town. Unfortunately, when there is no moon, the nights are not very enjoyable, because the streets are scarcely lighted, though in

Batavia gas has been introduced. The greatest part of the population consists of Chinese, who conduct all the intermediate trade throughout the island. The natives are far more parsimonious in their mode of life than the foreigners. The Europeans, though limited in numbers, are exceedingly domineering. They cannot, however, amass large fortunes as easily as they could twenty years ago. Living here is enormously expensive; the Government officials can scarcely pay their way, and the officers lead a very retired and simple life. Private persons have a hard time of it, since there is no such thing as real property. Government never sells an estate, but simply lets it; most of the factories, and more especially the tobacco plantations, go to ruin. The Government derives every year 60,000,000 florins from a ninth of the island, all the rest being in its primitive state. Communication is maintained by means of posting. Four horses cost one florin a pal (about an English mile)*. It is only recently that railways have been commenced. It is altogether incomprehensible how the Dutch in this country can submit to so many acts of oppression and restriction. An immense amount of influence is required for permission to settle here, or in fact to do anything. The concert which we gave in the room of the St. Cecilia Society was very fully attended, and we took 900 florins, though our expenses were heavy. We had to pay the Society two hundred and fifty florins for the use of the room. One or two advertisements in the papers cost sixty florins. For hire of the pianos we paid twenty-five florins, and twenty florins for between two and three hundred bills.

I formed a less favourable opinion of the Dutch here than of those in Europe. In the country here they are afraid to come out of their own houses, and consider few persons worthy to be received in them. They are extremely reserved and lead a quiet family life (though the young men frequently have native concubines),† their sole aim being to possess fine houses, horses and carriages. They trouble their heads about nothing else, except their business, by which they seek to profit as speedily and as much as possible, in order to be enabled to return soon to the land of their birth. The natives are, as a rule, uneducated, neglected, and of limited intellect. They hate the Europeans from the very bottom of their hearts, looking upon them as so many thieves, who have stolen their inheritance.

The women are better than their reputation; you may, however, travel through every nook and corner of Java, and meet hardly ten pretty girls. The ladies possess more intellect than the men, but then they have more time to cultivate it. In Samarang, besides a theatrical club, which consists of only male members, as the ladies cannot make up their minds to act in public, there is the "Société," as it is called, a club-house where beer, brandy, and ice are to be had; where there are cards and billiards; and where the young clerks spend the little money they have in whiling away the monotony of their existence by drinking. We embarked and reached Surabaya. The accommodation at the Marine Hotel, where we alighted, is bad; the rooms are damp and close. While on the way I had suffered from a violent attack of illness. On entering my room, I felt a presentiment that I should become much worse. Such was the case, and though I was removed, by the orders of Dr. Schneider, to other lodgings, there was no change in my state. I laboured under the most terrible dysentery, and was prostrated for seven months; it was entirely to the disinterested care of Dr. Schneider that I owed my life. Wehle, who had previously been my companion, had returned to Europe, hardly bidding me good-

bye before he went. When I left my bed for the first time Herr Dietz, a teacher of the pianoforte, called and voluntarily proposed to undertake the management of my concerts. I thankfully accepted his offer, and gave him the necessary powers.

(To be continued).

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REVIEWS.

Music in its Art Mysteries. [London: published by L. Booth, 307, Regent Street.]

THE readers of the *Musical World* will doubtless recollect the interesting essays which some little time ago appeared in the columns of that journal, being the substance of the lectures delivered at Gresham College by Professor Wylde, on various subjects connected with music.

These essays differ from the generality of those published, from the fact that they quit the field of mere transcendental criticism usually occupied by musical enthusiasts, to search into the more profound depths, from whence alone a true insight into art can be obtained.

The author urges the claim of music to be regarded, written of, studied, and analyzed, as "high art." He insists upon the necessity of educating the musical public as to the understanding of the forms in which music is written, no less than to its sensational beauty. In many eloquent and earnest phrases he points to the immense influence which music has exerted on civilization, traces its progress historically, and especially its elaboration from the mere monotonous chants of the ancients, allied to lyrics with no other attempts at form or scientific proportion than the rhythm of the poem supplied up to the present day, when music inevitably ranks with mathematics in the realm of abstract science.

But Dr. Wylde's book does not treat of the *abstractions* of music merely—historically, analytically, and critically, it is full of interesting and instructive matter. The essays consist, first, of three chapters on "Form in Musical Composition," from the origin of the rude chant and plain song to harmonized airs, counterpoint, motet, canon, recitative, and concerted music.

The chapters on "Taste" contain some very clever and abstruse definitions, combined with a tone of criticism on popular taste which is far less flattering than true, and though it may be deemed occasionally scathing, and may call forth the wrath of those writers who pander to it, it offers a just and wholesome corrective to the vice which forms the subject of the elaborate essay on "Conventionalism in Music." The concluding chapters on "Music and its Art Mission," contain some highly interesting historical researches touching on the lives and influence of the scalds, bards, and minstrels, and carrying the reader on the stream of history from one epoch to another of musical progression to the present day. This useful and interesting little volume does not pretend to give the various Gresham lectures that were reported in full in these columns: the work under consideration is a compilation from them, and, in Dr. Wylde's own words, "does not attempt to fill the great hiatus in musical literature," of which he justly complains, but rather aims to stimulate others to a work for which, "in a literary point of view," he modestly assumes, "they may be better qualified than himself."

Having already rendered so many of the Professor's essays in these columns, it would be unnecessary here to present quotations from this volume, but as a book which contains so much valuable information, with historical research and analytical criticism, we cordially recommend it as a hand-book to the science of music which we cannot afford to do without, and, which, in its condensed form, with all the accessories of fine type and excellent printing, will amply repay both musician and amateur for its careful perusal.

WALWORTH.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. J. Hart Gordon, organist of St. Matthew's, Newington, gave a concert at the Lecture Hall, on Monday the 29th ult. The vocalists were Mdlle. Baumeister, Miss Palmer, Mr. Robert Mason, and Mr. Charles. The first-named lady gained an encore in Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," which she sang charmingly. Miss Palmer gave a very artistic reading of Mr. Hullah's "Storm" (composed for her), and was recalled. She also sang in the second part, "Terence's Farewell," accompanying herself on the pianoforte, and in reply to an encore gave Mr. Tully's "Watty Moyle." Mr. R. Mason sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and "Come into the garden, Maud." The concert-giver played a pianoforte fantasia on Welsh airs, and as an encore a "Song without Words" of his own composition. Several glees and part-songs, with which the programme was varied, were rendered indifferently well by the St. Matthew's Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Cuddeford. The accompanist was Miss Emily Morre.—W.

* A "pal" is shorter than an English mile. The roads are so bad that travellers generally hire eight horses. Besides these, there are two men who run on first; one who urges the horses forward from behind, by cracking a whip; and two drivers; the expense is about ten florins a mile, everything included. But this mode of travelling is limited to persons of high rank, or artists who possess influence.

† There are villages in Java where the young girls are brought up for the Europeans. They never chew betel, in order that their teeth may remain white. In former times, the Government officials were entitled to keep as many servants and mistresses as they liked and could afford; at present they do such things, as a rule, in secret. But even if a European does live (quite openly) with a mulatto or native woman, he is well received in every family, and can send home for a wife, but he must not keep a European mistress. The young clerk or merchant goes to the proper village, and, for a sum varying from sixty to a hundred florins, purchases of the parents a wife.

THE OPERA SEASON OF 1867.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season at Covent Garden terminated on the 29th of July, that at Her Majesty's Theatre on the following Saturday. The proceedings of each house have been so fully and so ably criticized by the leading daily journals, that it is needless to recapitulate them in detail here. It is proposed, however, in this article to notice a few of their more salient characteristics, and whilst endeavouring to do justice to the enterprise and liberality of the directors, to point out at the same time errors which have hitherto distinguished the management of both.

The season at Covent Garden commenced on the 2nd of April, not very brilliantly, with Bellini's *Norma*, an opera which, old though it be, must always prove attractive for one or two representations, from the undying freshness of its melodies, and the unaffected charm and grace of its instrumentation. The part of the Druid priestess was represented by Madame Maria Vilda. The very marked sensation created by the magnificent voice of this lady on her *début* last year is well remembered, and it was hoped that in other characters she might evince some possession of that dramatic instinct, the entire absence of which in her first essay was so unmistakably evident. Her subsequent appearance, however, in *Il Trovatore*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*, failed to sustain the impression which her *Norma* had made, for, in the first of the above-mentioned operas, she proved to be scarcely up to the mark, in the second, many degrees below it. Madame Vilda on her return this year was so coldly received, that, after one or two nights, she withdrew from the theatre, and has since confined her efforts to the concert-room, an arena for which, in the opinion of all, her powers are best adapted. The house then was left dependent upon the exertions of the two other *prime donne absolute*, Mdlles. Patti and Lucca, occasionally assisted by Mesdames Fricci-Baraldi and Lemmens-Sherrington. In all that Mdlle. Patti has done this season she has fully sustained, and in her latest effort has very materially advanced, her reputation. It is true that the *physique* of this charming singer, and her voice, essentially a *soprano leggero*, render her unequal to the highest line of *opera seria* parts; but within her own branch of the repertory she is without a rival, as an expressive and perfectly finished vocalist, while, to cite one rôle alone, that of Giulietta in M. Gounod's newest opera, she has shown herself to be thoroughly imbued with the truest instincts as an actress. The exquisite pathos and intense feeling of Mdlle. Patti's performance in this opera, down to its minutest particulars, surprised even her greatest admirers, and will live long in the memory of those who witnessed it. Mdlle. Lucca has maintained her ascendancy over that large section of the public who are willing to accept beauty of person and dramatic fervour as equivalents for a faulty vocal method, and a want of executive finish. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington has shown herself, as heretofore, a zealous and diligent artist, always to be relied upon, and on one occasion, the second performance of *Don Carlos*, of real service to her manager, when, in consequence of the illness of Mdlle. Lucca, she was called upon to supply her place, and acquitted herself without even the advantage of a rehearsal, to her entire credit, and the perfect satisfaction of the audience. Madame Fricci-Baraldi is another most useful member of the company, who, if she manifests no striking genius, at least shows real enthusiasm for her art, and who, at any rate, must always prove satisfactory to connoisseurs from the purity and finish of her vocalization. Of Mdlle. Morensi it is sufficient to say that she is quite inadequate to occupy the post of leading contralto at a theatre of such pretensions as Covent Garden; whilst Mdlle. Leonora Nau, a very young, very pretty, and well-trained *débutante*, with a soprano of sweet but thread-paper quality, may be dismissed with the remark that at present she has not power for so large a house. The *seconde donne* were utterly inefficient. With regard to *tenori*, Mr. Gye's troupe has not been strong. The graceful presence, the high-bred demeanour, and consummate artistic skill of Mario, cannot, with all their fascination, conceal the utter decay of his vocal powers; and Signor Naudin, who shared with him the duties of leading tenor, has been singing with all his wonted carefulness and ultra-elaboration of style, but without the slightest charm. Signor Neri-Baraldi has once more to be acknowledged as an excellent second tenor; and a word of praise must be accorded to a new arrival from Spain, Signor Marino, as a thoroughly competent representative of such small

parts as Bucklaw, Don Alvar, etc. In the department of *bassi* and *baritoni*, allowing for the absence of Ronconi, histrionically an irreparable loss, Covent Garden has been exceedingly powerful; Signors Graziani, Tagliafico, Polonini, Capponi, Attri and Ciampi (the last the drier of *buffos*) have all, in their respective lines, done justice to the characters assigned to them. In addition to these were some strangers, a Frenchman, M. Petit, summoned to supply the place of M. Faure, who, if he by no means effaced the memory of that creditable singer, has at any rate shown himself to be a useful and painstaking artist; Signor Cotogni, a baritone much thought of in Italy, who, despite the perpetual *tremolo* which disfigured his otherwise excellent singing, in the main justified his southern reputation; lastly, Signor Bagagiolo, in whom, as a *basso profondo* with a magnificent organ and a very fine method, a valuable acquisition was at once recognized. The orchestra and chorus (with certain restrictions), the *mise-en-scène* and general stage management were as complete as ever, but the *répertoire* was less varied than usual, and it was remarked that several works, such as *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, and others, the execution of which had so greatly conduced to the early reputation of the theatre, besides some lighter compositions of Rossini and Donizetti, in which Mdlle. Patti had been found so charming, were this year conspicuous only by their absence. But assuredly the leading feature of the late season at Covent Garden was the production of *Don Carlos* and *Romeo e Giulietta*, the latest works of Signor Verdi and M. Gounod, who, whatever their respective merits as musicians, are unquestionably the most popular composers of the present time, and it reflects the highest credit on the director, Mr. Gye, that he has placed both on the stage with a magnificence and completeness which it would be impossible to excel in any subventionized continental opera-house; indeed, the lavish splendour, the historical accuracy, and the exquisite taste displayed in the mounting of all new operas at Covent Garden have truly caused that theatre, in the matter of scenic decoration, to stand alone.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened late in April. The prospectus had been long in making its appearance, and rumours were in circulation of financial embarrassments, which would render it impossible for the lessee to open at all. When at length issued, the programme for the season was found, though even more diffuse and self-laudatory than that of the rival house (if that were possible), to be interesting and liberal in every respect, although from its very length impracticable in the working-out. The theatre opened with Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, an opera the perennial beauty and freshness of which was never more thoroughly realized than upon its revival at both houses this season, and, if occasionally more powerfully cast in individual instances, it has seldom been performed with more general and even excellence, whilst certainly it has never been more heartily enjoyed than upon the opening night of "the Old House." A great change had been effected in the interior, by the absorption of the stage-boxes, and the advancement of the proscenium several feet, an arrangement by which increased depth and width were gained for the stage, without materially affecting the proportions of the *salle*. The alteration was universally admitted to be an improvement, but it was remarked that the scenery used for the stock operas of the repertory, having been painted for the stage in its former condition, could not be stretched out to cover an area of double its previous dimensions, and, consequently, the effect produced by the *mise-en-scène*, on most nights of performance, was singularly bare and ludicrous. The season then had commenced well, but the opening night was seemingly no reflection of triumphs to come; the tide of popularity had set in enormously for "the house over the way;" Covent Garden was always full, Her Majesty's Theatre as invariably empty. Mdlle. Tietjens was, as it appeared, the only *prima donna* forthcoming, and for her, *Fidelio*, *Oberon*, and other masterpieces of the German school were successively given, to say nothing of a revival with some care and cost of one of Signor Verdi's earlier works, *I Lombardi*, long since forgotten in England, and which was speedily consigned to that oblivion, from which, judging by the result, it should never have been recalled. But a spell seemed to hang over the fortunes of the theatre; neither the operas nor the singer drew; the former had lost their attraction, the latter her novelty. For Mdlle. Tietjens had been made too common; the old fable of the goose with the golden eggs had found another forcible illustration in the instance of this great singer and her manager. Ever since Mdlle.

Tietjens first appeared in London, now some ten seasons ago, she has been remorselessly overworked; not only has she had to fulfil her customary duties in the theatre, which for various reasons have been more than ordinarily arduous and exacting, but in addition, what with concerts, morning operas, provincial tours, supplementary performances at cheap prices after the close of the regular season, and similar ones for two or three nights here and there during the winter, she has scarcely been allowed one moment for repose or artistic cultivation. And now the result of this exhausting system must have been keenly felt by the director, for at a time when the name and talents of this transcendent, and in some respects incomparable, artist were of vital importance to the house, their value as a source of profit was, to all appearance, gone. In spite of the commendations lavishly bestowed by the press, the curtain rose each night to "a beggarly account of empty boxes," and a corresponding attendance in other parts of the house. The gloomiest anticipations were rife, and, indeed, the season would probably have been brought to a premature close, had it not been for the pecuniary relief afforded by the holders of property-boxes, and by the different librarians. On Saturday, the 10th June, however, matters took a happier turn. It was on that evening that a long and anxiously-expected *débutante*, Mdle. Christine Nilsson, with whose praises, during the last two years, all Paris had been ringing, for the first time confronted an English audience, and of whom it may fairly be said that she at once took all London by storm. It is not necessary, or indeed possible, in these circumscribed limits to follow her consecutive appearances in detail. That so interesting and delightful a singer, one so eminently winning in every quality, vocal and histrionic, should achieve a legitimate success here, had never been a matter of doubt to any who previously were watching her progress on the Continent. As she had been accustomed, however, to the comparatively small arena of the Théâtre-Lyrique, it had seemed uncertain whether her voice, which is not a powerful one, would prove to be of sufficient volume for so large a house as the opera in the Haymarket. But the first night's trial set any such fears very speedily at rest, and during the remainder of the season Mdle. Nilsson established a legitimate triumph for every new part which she undertook; her Violetta in *La Traviata* was pronounced a charming and refined version of that most repulsive character, although exception might justly have been taken to her dress and *coiffure* in the last act, as being far too elaborate and careful for a girl represented in the last agonies of consumption; in the opera of *Faust* there was a gentleness and poetry in her embodiment of Marguerite hitherto undeveloped by any other representative of the part; while as Elvira in *Don Giovanni* she succeeded in rendering attractive and interesting one who had always been held to be the most unattractive and uninteresting of operatic heroines. Her two last assumptions, Martha and Astrafiamante (*Il Flauto Magico*), were no less triumphant, the former indeed being considered by many as her best effort, the latter as fully justifying the raptures which it had excited in the French capital. Mdle. Nilsson's voice, as has been said, is not powerful, but it is exquisitely pure and sympathetic, endowed, too, with all the freshness of youth, while her method of singing indicates unmistakably careful training in the best school; when to these qualities are added a rare personal loveliness, and a modest self-possession of manner when on the stage, as much removed from the awkwardness of inexperience as from the confidence too frequently accompanying mediocrity, the fascination which she exercises upon her auditors may be readily understood. From this time to the end of the season the course of Her Majesty's Theatre was as brilliant as its warmest adherents could desire. Among other noticeable events was the production of *La Forza del Destino*, Signor Verdi's last opera but one, which, notwithstanding that it contained music of real beauty and originality, was prevented by the absurdity of the story from achieving more than a mere *succès d'estime*; as a vehicle, however, for exhibiting the talents of the majority of the troupe in combination, it was found interesting, Tietjens, Trebelli, Santley, Gassier, Rokitsansky, Hohler, and Mongini, all appearing to more or less advantage in the various characters. Another event of no small interest was the revival of *Don Giovanni*, with, as has been stated above, Nilsson in the part of Elvira, and the rest of the *dramatis personæ* cast as in the preceding year. The reproduction of this great work was rendered of

more than ordinary importance by the splendour of the mounting, the scenery and dresses being new and copied from designs used for the Grand Opéra, Paris. The whole of the company took part in the first *finale*, a proof of loyalty honourable to all, however superfluous in a theatre possessing such unrivalled choral resources. The general execution was among the finest heard in London of late years; but the Donna Anna of Tietjens deserves special mention, as being from first to last of a dignity and grandeur probably never excelled by any of her predecessors. Subsequently the same composer's enchanting *Flauto Magico* was given (on the last night of the subscription) when Tietjens, as Pamina, proved herself to be by far the truest representative of the part yet heard on the Italian stage in England. The one performance of Cherubini's *Medea* on an extra night at the very close of the season, in which Signor Mongini so strikingly distinguished himself, as fully to share the honours of the evening with Tietjens, whose performance of the Colchian priestess is very generally admitted to be one of her greatest achievements, caused universal regret among musicians that this noble and too little known work had not been heard earlier in the summer. This was the last "circumstance" of the season, which terminated on the following Saturday. Mr. Mapleson's company, notwithstanding the absence of one or two of its promised members, has been this year as powerful as ever. Mdle. Ilma de Murska, whose wild and fantastic talent had, during the two previous seasons, excited so much attention, failed, it is true, to fulfil her engagement, but her place was more than supplied by Mdle. Nilsson, who indeed may be said to have fairly driven her predecessor out of the field. Madame Trebelli has again shown herself to be without an equal among contralto singers of the day, and in addition, one of the very few who possess the will and the power to sing Rossini's music according to the text. Such will and ability, however, had to be confined to the concert-room, not one of that composer's operas having been given this year at Her Majesty's Theatre. Madame Demeric-Lablache also did good service in smaller parts for the same calibre of voice. Mdle. Sinico was found, as usual, the most useful and versatile member of the company, ready apparently at a moment's notice with any part, great or small, in the operatic repertory. Mdle. Baumeister proved a graceful and improving *comprimaria*, and in one instance, by her successful mastery of the very trying *scena allottata* to Dirce in the opera of *Medea*, something more. A Madame Giacconi who sang for one or two nights in *Lucrezia Borgia*, although by no means without merit, is not qualified to hold any position of importance in London. Mdles. Martelli and Eracleo vanished as soon as they came; but another subsidiary artist, Madame Corsi, was found to be an efficient and meritorious *seconda donna*. Mr. Mapleson, like Mr. Gye, has been deficient in the department of *tenori*. The name of Mongini would seem a tower of strength; but the powers of this great singer were more or less impaired during the greater part of the season by illness; and though he rallied on some nights (the performance of *Medea*, for instance), his voice was in general fatigued and uncertain. Gardoni was finished and correct as ever; but a professional career of more than twenty years has left its impress upon a voice which even in its best days was always delicate rather than powerful. Mr. Hohler is at present merely a pleasing amateur, and Signor Tasca an exemplification of the adage, *vox et præterea nihil*. Among the *bassi*, &c., Gassier, Bossi, Foli, and Rokitsanski have all sustained their former reputation. Mr. Santley has, if possible, added to his, as one who is never content to stand still in his art, albeit already taking rank among the finest baritone singers of this or any other time. A new-comer, Signor Pandolfini, who in Italy is esteemed as a really admirable artist, was undeservedly slighted here; he had no chance, indeed, in a theatre where Mr. Santley, in all respects his superior, is so firmly established. The minor characters of the different operas were adequately filled. No praise is too great for the orchestra which, under the skilful and vigilant direction of Ardit, becomes each season more thoroughly disciplined. The chorus is probably unsurpassed in Europe. In the way of ballet, the only production, a pretty but very slight divertissement, *Les Nymphes*, was a melancholy reflection of bygone choreographic glories, only serving to prove how entirely this once favourite amusement had fallen into disuse.

Such is the summary of the opera season. At both houses it is understood to have been so far successful, that at Covent Garden

the immense preliminary subscription, at Her Majesty's Theatre the large nightly receipts subsequent to the appearance of Nilsson have prevented any actual loss; but it is more than doubtful whether either has realized anything like a profit. Up to a certain time the attendance at the former was very great, but on the arrival of the new star at the rival house the receipts sensibly diminished, and it was stated, upon good authority, that the production of *Don Carlos* entailed directly and indirectly a loss of £10,000. At Her Majesty's Theatre the loss sustained during the first part of the season must have fully absorbed the gains cleared during the latter portion of it, so that the chances of remuneration for either manager seem to have been very small; and that the two Italian theatres, as at present constituted, cannot much longer co-exist, is now pretty clear to all those who have paid any attention to their history during the last twenty years. But there is no reason why, under different regulations, both should not be carried on with at least a fair chance of success. That a taste and appreciation for good music have been very widely diffused in London of late years is sufficiently proved by the immense increase of public concerts, and by the improved character of their programmes, in addition to which, during those seasons, when, through the temporary close of Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden has been the only first-class Italian Opera in the field, performances have been given in that theatre on five, and frequently six nights every week, to houses invariably crowded, a fact which seems to make it sufficiently evident, that if two operas are more than London can support, a nightly one is at any rate not only a desideratum, but even a necessity. However, supposing Her Majesty's definitely closed, to keep open house at the other theatre on every night of the week is anything but desirable or even possible, if Covent Garden is to maintain its reputation; for that reputation was in a great measure created and sustained by the unrivalled finish and excellence of the orchestral and choral departments, both of which have sensibly deteriorated during the last few seasons, on account of the immense strain put upon them by the additional performances and consequent heavy increase of work, which has entailed, moreover, the services of a second conductor, M. Sainton, to occupy the place of Mr. Costa on such nights as he may be unable to attend, an arrangement which must ever necessarily create a certain amount of confusion even in the best disciplined orchestra. The companies at both houses, it is true, having been proportionately increased, the amount of extra work does not refer to the leading singers, but the subsidiary artists, the band and chorus have frequently to toil through the labours of a morning rehearsal, the fatigue and exhaustion of which can only be understood by those who have witnessed one, and then, within a very few hours, return with diminished powers and energies to their posts for the evening's opera. It may be, and indeed has been, urged that having to pay the salaries of the singers engaged, the theatres must be opened as many nights as possible, in order that the additional receipts may meet the increase of expenditure entailed. This is well, as far as it goes, but the result has not hitherto shown that the argument is a good one; for the *habitués* affirm that the entertainment is becoming vulgarized, and the librarians, through whom the nightly lettings are in large part transacted, complain, with good reason, that in this way they do not receive adequate return for their preliminary subscriptions, and that instead of, as formerly, taking their boxes and stalls for three nights a week, they are compelled by the directors to take them either for five nights or not at all, and that whilst the appetite for operatic music has not increased in proportion, they have to pay the managers at a much higher rate than before, without a corresponding demand from their customers. Consequently, setting aside the individual gains and losses of the directors, the librarians, who are in a pecuniary sense the main supporters of the opera in England, have to consider themselves fortunate if they get through the season without actual loss, or at best with profits much diminished from what they once were. And since the establishment of a second Italian opera, the rival managers have more and more during successive years adopted the principle of engaging as many singers of continental celebrity as possible, not so much with the view of employing their services, as in order to prevent their appearance at the other theatre, and so heavy sums have to be paid to artists for whom there is often no occupation, whilst much capital has thus been wasted, which would otherwise

have served to carry on the season and to provide for unforeseen losses. As for the tyranny exercised by the leading artists over their managers, as soon as their position has become confirmed, and they see that they are indispensable to the theatre, their jealousy of newer singers, their unwillingness to study new parts, and their tenacity of "rights prescriptive" in the allotment of old ones, all these have long been matters of notoriety. To give only one instance: Madame Viardot-Garcia, one of the grandest and most consummate lyric artists of her day, never succeeded in obtaining the due recognition of her great genius in England, from the fact that many of her finest rôles were already monopolized by the then ruling *prima donna* of the theatre at which she appeared.

Another source of complaint is the large tariff of admission to the opera-houses in London, which debars all but the wealthier classes from the gratification of their favourite amusement. On this score the directors are not to blame; the salaries exacted by the singers are so enormous, that in order to meet them they are obliged to maintain the prices of seats at their present high level. The taste for Italian opera has, during the last thirty years, become so extended, and the competition for singers consequently so great, that if they were unable to obtain from English managers the terms they demand, they would easily procure them in the large European capitals, or in America, therefore the opera must retain its position by compliance with the extortionate demands of the artists, or collapse; for a second-rate Italian theatre would never be tolerated in a city (the most civilized in the world), which has so long accustomed itself to one, and frequently two, of the first rank. Other abuses connected with the management of both houses are far more easy of remedy, such as the practice of forcing some hackneyed work on the *habitués* for several subscription nights, and reserving the production of novelties for extra nights, or more frequently postponing them until the end of the season, when the regular opera-frequenter have for the most part left town. For the first of these practices Mr. Mapleson should be especially censured, for the second Mr. Gye has already been severely criticized, and it is only fair to him to add that his last season has in this respect proved an exception to many of the preceding ones.

The system of cheap nights (originally founded at Covent Garden when first opened as an opera-house, and discontinued, to his credit be it stated, by Mr. Gye in the early days of his accession to proprietorship), was adopted during the latter period of his reign at Her Majesty's Theatre, by Mr. Lumley, and tended more than anything to lower his establishment in the opinion of its aristocratic supporters. It was adopted on the principle, that as the artists were engaged up to a certain date, and were to be paid whether employed or not, the theatre must be kept open somehow after "the upper ten thousand" had left town, and would draw larger receipts at a rate of admission low enough to attract the masses, than by continuing the usual high prices to reduced audiences. Mr. Mapleson has followed the example, and in addition has opened the house for a few nights at intervals during the Autumn with a small company formed of those singers who were "starring" in the provinces, combined with such members of the orchestra and chorus as could be brought together, in the dates intervening between their engagements at the different country towns. Her Majesty's Theatre has thus come to be regarded as appealing to two separate classes of society, and as being conducted with two different aims in view. Now, no theatre, if it has not the character of being managed upon one definite principle, can ever hope to obtain for any length of time, the foremost place in the estimation of the public, and hence its reputation has in this way been lowered. Moreover, during the last few years at both Operas the practice cannot be too strongly condemned of issuing prospectuses at the beginning of the season far different in their tone from the more moderate programmes of old times, and which, brilliant and interesting enough on paper, are, nevertheless, from their extreme length and magnitude clearly impossible of fulfilment.

But one evil has accumulated upon another, and it is undeniable that the whole system of operatic management in London needs to be re-considered and altered, if the present lessees are to occupy much longer their "pride of place." As has been pointed out, two operas every night are neither profitable nor necessary; one is certainly to be desired. The orchestra and chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre during the last six seasons, thanks to the industry and

talent of Signor Arditì, have been worked up to a point of discipline, only, if at all, inferior to those of Covent Garden in so much as they are by a few years newer and less experienced; their dispersion and that of the large number of *employés* belonging to the theatre, and who are dependent upon its existence for their livelihood, would cause an amount of distress little short of a metropolitan calamity. Let both directors then, abandoning the useless rivalry which has hitherto so much actuated their plan of management, and which can only eventually terminate in the downfall of one or both, come to some honourable understanding to open their houses on three alternate nights of the week, reducing the size, and consequently the expenses of their troupes proportionately to the diminished number of the performances. It is only fair to suppose that a system by which three full audiences weekly at both Operas could be counted upon, would in the end prove more lucrative than the present plan of opening each house four, five, or six nights in the week to uncertain numbers of attendance, and with heavy liabilities to meet at the end of the season. Sooner or later this method of carrying on the two houses must, I firmly believe, be adopted; how much better then that it should be adopted by the present managers to whom, in spite of these drawbacks, the public is so greatly indebted, than for new speculators hereafter to step in and reap the fruits of their predecessors' experience and ruin.

The above suggestions have been advanced in the most friendly spirit, without prejudice to either theatre and with the best wishes for the prosperity of both. In conclusion, let their due tribute of praise be given to Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson. During a long and uninterrupted career of management, Mr. Gye has most justly earned the respect and esteem of all. His course, though outwardly brilliant, has not been without its reverses, and those occasionally heavy ones; but the man who could surmount such a misfortune as the utter destruction of his immense theatre with all its attendant scenery, dresses, and properties, the accumulations of many seasons, and, subsequently, by his own individual exertions, replace it with a building the like of which, for vastness, splendour, and luxurious accommodation, London has yet to see, has indeed shown himself to be endowed with a fixedness of purpose and an energy of character probably without a parallel in the annals of theatrical management. And a word for Mr. Mapleson, whose office has been indeed no sinecure. He came to a theatre which, from a variety of causes, had fallen not only into neglect but disrepute, and the boxes and stalls of which, as is well known, are so alienated as to interfere materially with the nightly receipts. He had to form a company, orchestra, and chorus, worthy of the rank which the Haymarket Opera had held, and was to hold again among the lyric theatres of Europe. Under the pressure of a heavy rent, and other drawbacks for which he has been in no way answerable, Mr. Mapleson has not only accomplished all this, but even more; for he has not entirely succeeded in regaining for his house that exclusive popularity among the highest class of society, which Covent Garden so undoubtedly enjoys, he has at least restored it to credit, respectability, and (in some extent) to fashion, while, by steadily persevering in the production of new works, and the revival of many classical masterpieces long since forgotten, he has advanced the reputation of Her Majesty's Theatre among the *dilettanti* and lovers of the best description of operatic music, to a summit, which, within the memory of the present generation, at least, it had never previously attained. The presentation of such operas as Cherubini's *Medea*, Gluck's *Iphigenia*, and the *Flauto Magico* and *Seraglio* of Mozart, speak for themselves; while, by introducing M. Gounod's *Faust* to a London audience, he not only added to the *répertoire* an opera which speedily became the most popular of the day, but was thus the original means of bringing that composer's music to a juster appreciation and notice in this country. Mr. Mapleson has had, from the outset, no ordinary difficulties to contend with, and in overcoming them he has manifested a courage, determination, and, yet more, an enthusiasm for his occupation worthy of all praise; and, therefore, whilst noticing his shortcomings it would be worse than unjust not to bestow upon his merits that approbation which is, indeed, so eminently their due.

Tregulow, August 1867.

M. W.

A MUSICAL SCENE AT KILLARNEY.—Wednesday night Professor Glover gave an entertainment in the Young Men's Society Hall, which had, until recently, been a Catholic church. The tourists and townspeople were, of course, glad of an evening's amusement of this class, and English visitors expected considerable enjoyment from hearing Irish melodies well rendered. The hall was crowded, particularly the gallery, to which admission, very properly, was only 3d. Professor Glover commenced his lecture a little after eight o'clock, and the substance of his address, as well as the instrumental and vocal illustrations, were all that could be desired, if it were not that the whole pleasure derivable from these was marred by two or three blemishes. Every melody played on the harmonium was "timed" with the feet of five hundred individuals so loudly that no one could hear the music. This was evident from the fact, that even when the music ceased the "timing" of it was continued by those hundreds who had all through only heard the inharmonious sounds of their own brogues. Professor Glover said his great object was to illustrate our beautiful national melodies. I suppose he did not think himself that the "timing" illustrated Moore. The audience would have ceased this vulgar "timing" if they had been requested, but, inasmuch as the Professor indicated in several ways that it was rather pleasing to him, they increased the noise as the evening advanced. The result was that the national character, which I looked upon with more jealousy than the national melodies, was being damaged in the eyes of strangers, and this unnecessarily so, because one word from Professor Glover could have brought the roughest of the gallery audience to order, as our Irish people are always courteous and respectful to any one entertaining them or addressing them. Another defect in the arrangements was that while there were front and back seats in the programme and in the price received by the Professor himself at the door, yet any class got up to front seats when the entertainment commenced. One half-drunken fellow in rags got up even beside the harmonium on the platform, which used to be the altar steps, and lay down on his back at full length drumming the boards with his heels in "time" with the music. Near to this character a young lad, of about 14 years of age, threw himself, and lighted his pipe and smoked. Between these two, in front of the first-class seats, did Professor Glover deliver his lecture and perform his illustrations on the harmonium, while some hundreds of pipes puffed their smoke through the entire house, and double as many hundred feet almost tramped down the floors. One gentleman said aloud, "The whole thing is a burlesque;" and indeed I must admit that he was not far from the truth. Now, as Professor Glover is an Irishman, with a thorough knowledge of the people, and with, I know, a desire that their character should stand fair before the world—why should he not use such an opportunity as Wednesday night last presented, to rather repress than encourage rough and uncouth habits? If he had said at the opening, or at any time afterwards something to this effect—"While I am playing and singing, I hope you will make no noise with your feet, or otherwise. Reserve all applause for the close of every piece you like, and then clap away, but let us have dead silence while I am playing such pieces as 'The harp of Tara,' and 'Brian Boroihm's March;' and let me also ask you not to light pipes or smoke in the house as that is not gentlemanly or polite." If he had said this and added that the building had recently been their place of worship, and the cross which stood over the altar then had not yet been removed, the Professor would have had as orderly and well conducted an audience as any town could produce; but as it was the whole proceedings were "burlesque," and our national melodies and national character both lost considerably by the evening's "entertainment." As I looked at the audience, and thought of what minds there were there to be influenced and fitted to fight life's battles, I deeply regretted that a large hall like that and opportunities such as they offered, were not often used for the purposes of making those young people there assembled better prepared for all life's duties and struggles. Without underrating in the least all that is done by all classes of religionists in Ireland, to fit our people for the next world, I hold that there is great neglect on all hands in fitting the people for their duties in this world.—*Irish Times*.

MUNICH.—Wagner's *Tannhäuser* has been at length produced with a new *mise en-scène*, and several alterations made by the composer in the music. The singers, the orchestra, and the chorus, as well as the conductor, Dr. Hans von Bülow, exerted themselves to the utmost to make the performance go off brilliantly.—There has been a collision at the Operahouse between Dr. Hans von Bülow, the conductor, and Herr Golinelli, the ballet-master. The latter said that, on account of the inappropriate character of the music, it was impossible to arrange any ballet for *Tannhäuser*. The consequence was that on the following day *Mad. Grähn* was appointed ballet-mistress, and Herr Golinelli threw up his engagement, which had still a year to run, and left this town for Vienna.—It is said that Herr Franz Lachner has asked permission to retire.

DRESDEN.—Herr Niemann has been singing here with great success

Histoire de Palmerin d'Olive filz du ROY FLORENDOS de MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remicius, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Maugin, dit le Petit Angevin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for TWENTY-NINE GUINEAS. Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street, W.

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1867.

YR EISTEDDFOD.

CARMARTHEN, Sept. 5.

AS it is always a good and healthy thing to get back to first principles, so it is interesting and instructive to trace great institutions to their source. If what has been said in my hearing be true, I have lighted, in this quaint and ancient abode of the Cymri, upon the parent of the greatest institution of its kind in the world. Said an enthusiastic Welshman the other day, "Our Eisteddfod contains the germ of the English House of Commons." I mean to believe him—so long as I am in Wales. But however my faith may be shaken when I get beyond the border, there can be no doubt about the antiquity of the gathering now taking place, and of the important part that Eisteddfodan (I hope this attempt at the plural is right) have played in the history of the Principality. If it were necessary I could take the reader back into the very dim past, and point out to him the faintly outlined forms of princes and bards, almost as mythical as King Arthur and Merlin, who have distinguished themselves at these tournaments of poetry and music. I could tell him of rites and ceremonies, becoming enough then, little more than burlesqued now; of the various grades through which the aspirants had to pass, and of the qualifications (as unintelligible as unpronounceable) they were expected to possess. But all this is unnecessary. Everybody has more or less of romance in his composition, and everybody has used it more or less upon this subject. One imagining may be as good as another—perhaps better, so let each picture for himself the past Eisteddfodan, while I turn to the present.

In a field adjoining the Priory Road, of what I must again call this quaint and ancient town, there stands a huge wooden building, circular in shape, and capable of holding some 6,000 persons. That is the location of the Eisteddfod. Let it be remarked, however, that such an edifice, or, indeed, any edifice at all, is a concession to the weakness of modern times and men. At the Eisteddfodan of old the peaceful contests were carried on in the open air with a supreme contempt for weather which, in those days, was only equalled by a supreme indifference to dirt. Now the Cymri carry umbrellas on their native hills, and pick their way through mud and squeamishness, which it is well the grim lards of former times did not live to see. For these reasons, the building—or, as it is called here, the Pavilion—stands, and affords what shelter is possible to it—which is not much as regards rain. Should the curious and unlearned visitor stray to the rear of the Pavilion, he will come upon a large circle of stones, having in the centre a mass of granite bigger than the rest. He will wonder what it means, and find on enquiry how that circle is of vastly more significance than the wooden enclosure by. There is the consecrated ground, the place of the Gorsedd (whatever that may be), and there on Tuesday last, at noon precisely, a herald—Joan Morganwg the name of him—standing on the central stone, proclaimed to all whom it concerned, that the Eisteddfod of 1867 was opened. Around him, and within the ring sacred to their order stood the bards Nefydd, Jago Emlyn, Gwilym Tawe, Joan Cunnio, Cynddelu, Llew Llwyfo, Gohebydd, Gwilym Mai, Lleurwg, Tydfilyn, and others of their brethren, while outside was an interested throng all profoundly impressed with the serious business in hand. The proclamation over, Alltud Eifon, Cynddelu, and Teilo

recited poetry which, alas for me, was utterly unintelligible; and when they had finished everybody adjourned to the Pavilion to carry out the programme of the day.

I ought to have told in its proper place how Carmarthen has burst into colour in honour of the Eisteddfod. Its normal aspect would gladden the eyes of a country churchwarden, so abundant and so very white is the whitewash. From the window at which I write there are visible not a few whitewashed roofs, and in one street I came upon the standing trunk of an old tree, which had been subjected, in common with everything else, to the lime-brush. Usually, therefore, the appearance of Carmarthen must be somewhat monotonous; but all through this week its narrow streets present vistas on which the eye of a painter would rest lovingly. Triumphal arches, floral devices, flags, and festoons are everywhere, making up, with the animated crowd below them, a very pretty scene. I ought also to have told how, on Tuesday, a procession was formed at the Town Hall, and marched to the Gorsedd with all the state and dignity Carmarthen could muster. There were the usual "police officers to clear the way," fierce looking fellows in helmets and moustaches; there were lusty players upon brass instruments (will it be believed by distant Cymri that they blew a Saxon blast); there were the Mayor and civic authorities in robes of state, with sword and mace; there were councillors and committee men, with silver leeks in their coats; there were bards wearing the emblems of their rank; and after them in order the nice fresh-looking Welsh lassies of the Eisteddfod choir; then came the Oddfellows, with banners and insignia; and, lastly, the Ivorites and other strangely-named benefit societies. Thus were the week's proceedings inaugurated.

Inside the Pavilion, when the Gorsedd broke up, the people had congregated by thousands, and their cheering as the President (D. Pugh, Esq., M.P.) took his seat in the huge, old-fashioned chair, foreshadowed the enthusiasm of the after proceedings. Everybody having imitated Mr. Pugh's example and settled down (except the bearers of the civic emblems, who stood behind the Mayor till they dropped from exhaustion), a trumpeter tried to perform a fanfare, and signally failed; then came the National Anthem, most hideously executed by a brass band, and then the President stood up to speak. His oration, given in English, was short and sensible, though intensely patriotic. I do not mean to report it, because a "Roaring Lion" is waiting for me, otherwise Llew Llwyfo, a famous and popular bard of these regions, who came forward to sing the Welsh song known to Saxons as "Cambria's Holiday." Very badly he sang it; but, as the "Roaring Lion" will roar again, I shall pass him over now to speak of the capital style in which everybody joined in the chorus. Nothing more than this was needed to show how musical a people the Welsh are, and how extensively the elements of the art are cultivated. The effect of the multitude of voices, keeping excellent time, and singing very generally in parts, was absolutely impressive, and formed, to me at least, one of the striking features in the proceedings.

Next came the adjudication of the various prizes, much of which business I can afford to neglect, there being sufficient for my purpose of a purely musical nature. "The competition of the female performance on the pianoforte," in other words, "Gystadleuaeth fenywaidd ar y Berdoneg," brought out four or five candidates, who showed their powers before Mr. B. Richards, the judge. That gentleman had an easy task, since a Miss Lizzie Moulding of Castle Bailey Street, Swansea, was immeasurably in advance of all her rivals. Though only fourteen years of age, she played a fantasia on Verdi's "La mia letizia" with an executive skill, and with a feeling and expression which proved her to be a real artist. Let any one who wishes to enjoy the honour of helping to develop uncommon natural gifts note her address. The next musical proceeding was to have been a choral competition for six guineas and a silver medal, the test piece being Mr. B. Richards's madrigal, "Ye little birds," and the judge Mr. Henry Leslie, than whom none more worthy. Unfortunately Mr. Leslie could not get the competitors together. In vain the two masters of the ceremonies thundered from the platform, and threatened to pass over the affair altogether; as well might they have summoned spirits from the vasty deep. At last, however, Mr. Leslie managed to catch one leader and

his following (it turned out that the others were detained on the railway somewhere), and these were put through their paces, singing well enough to deserve the prize. Mr. B. Richards then performed a selection from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," which the audience did not seem to understand; and then a young man played a solo on the triple harp, for which he received £10, by adjudication of Pencerdd Gwalia (Mr. John Thomas). There would have been a competition, but—tell it not in Gath—only this North Welshman came forward. Shades of the bards of old, it is to be hoped ye know nothing of modern degeneracy, else would ye fill the Elysian Fields with lamentations. Only one triple harpist at a national Eisteddfod! Alack the day!! Next came forward Annie Edmonds, late of Swansea, now, happily, of London, who sang "Gwenith Gywn" very sweetly, thus filling up the blank made by the absence of Edith Wynne; after which there was a choral competition for £10 10s., and a silver medal. This time Mr. H. Leslie managed to catch two choirs, and duly pitted them one against the other. Both sang very well, but that from Merthyr did best, carrying off the medal and half the money. Imagine a contest of brass bands! Horrible to relate, that infiction came next, and two sets of strong lunged and strong armed Welshmen, from Aberaman and Carmarthen respectively, brayed and banged their best. Messrs. Leslie and Richards were the judges, and a pretty mess they made of it, in the estimation of the Carmarthen bandmaster, to whom they awarded the second prize. "I decline to receive it, and I protest against the decision," said that enraged musician, whereupon the audience cried "Turn him out," and the conductor called the next item on the list. Penillion singing followed, a dreary business, which Welshmen tell me was very imperfectly done, although a famous improvisatore from Mona had come expressly to take part in it. Last of all Owain Alaw sang a song, the audience joining in the chorus, and then, amid nearly cheering, the first sitting of the Eisteddfod broke up.

There was a concert in the evening, the programme of which I give entire, that a correct idea may be formed as to its character:—

PART I.

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| 1. Introductory Chorus, "I'r Awen" ("To the Muse") | John Thomas. |
| 2. Aria, "La Pastorella"—Miss Edmonds | Rossini. |
| 3. Song, "The Mill Wheel"—Mr. Lewis Thomas | Weber. |
| 4. Grand Fantasia (Pianoforte) on "Welsh Airs,"
"March of the Men of Harlech"—Mr. B. Richards | B. Richards. |
| 5. Songs: "The Bird and the Maiden," "Pack clouds
away"—Miss Edith Wynne (Clarinet Obligato—
Mr. Lazarus) | Spohr.
G. A. Macfarren. |
| 6. Song, "Sound an alarm"—Mr. W. H. Cummings | Handel. |
| 7. Fantasia (Harp), "Pensive and joyous"—Mr. John
Thomas | John Thomas. |
| 8. Song, "Scenes of my youth"—Madame Patey-
Whytock (Harp Accompaniment—Mr. John
Thomas) | Benedict. |
| 9. Quartet, "Un di, si ben rammento mi"—Miss Edith
Wynne, Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Cummings,
and Mr. Lewis Thomas | Verdi. |
| 10. Chorus, "Yr Haf" | W. Griffiths. |

PART II.

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|--|---------------|
| 1. Chorus, "Sweet day, so cool" | B. Richards. |
| 2. Air, "Deep in a forest dell"—Miss Edmonds | John Barnett. |
| 3. Song, "I'm a roamer"—Mr. Lewis Thomas | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. Grand Duo (Pianoforte and Clarinet), "Andante
and Rondo"—Mr. B. Richards and Mr. Lazarus | Weber. |
| 5. Song, "Tell me, my heart"—Miss Edith Wynne
(Harp Accompaniment—Mr. John Thomas) | Bishop. |
| 6. Song, "Annabelle Lee"—Mr. W. H. Cummings | H. Leslie. |
| 7. Grand Studio (Harp), "Imitazione del Mandolino"
—Mr. John Thomas | Alvars. |
| 8. Song, "The Ship Boy's Letter"—Madame Patey-
Whytock | V. Gabriel. |
| 9. Duet, "La ci darem"—Miss Edith Wynne and Mr.
Lewis Thomas | Mozart. |
| 10. Finale, "God save the Queen"—Solo, Miss Edmonds | Dr. Bull. |

Everything in the first part was encored, and, doubtless, everything in the second would have shared the same fate had not prompt measures been taken to avert the calamity. The huge and noisy audience admired the ladies' singing immensely (Madame Patey-Whytock, though a Saxon, being from the first a great favourite), as they did, in

a scarcely less degree, that of Pencerdd Gwifyn (Mr. Lewis Thomas), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and the harp playing of Pencerdd Gwalia. Mr. Lazarus and his clarinet were novelties of a doubtful nature. However, the experiment of bringing them down here turned out to be a successful one, the best proof of which is that the audience listened all through Weber's duet, although it might be urged that a man within sound of our famous player is like the wedding guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, "he cannot choose but hear."

On Wednesday there was another procession to the Pavilion, of shorn dimensions, and another immense attendance of enthusiastic natives. Music again figured largely in the programme; the chief features being a competition of male performers on the piano, for a silver medal; a choral competition, for £30 and a gold medal; and another, in glee singing, for five guineas. In the first of these Mr. B. Richards must have decided with difficulty, since all the candidates were nearly equal in point of demerit. Eventually, however, he awarded the prize to the Carmarthen aspirant. The choral competition for the gold medal, etc., brought forward three choirs, hailing respectively from Merthyr, Newcastle-Amlyn, and Aberdare. That from Merthyr was conducted by a Mr. Francis, who is, I believe, a working miner, but whose ability has made him famous all over Wales. As a teacher he must possess great merit, because not only is his own choir an admirable one, but also that attached officially to the Eisteddfod, the training of which was confided to him. Than these two choral bodies it would be hard to find better in England, composed though they be of working people exclusively. Such merit, however, is not exceptional, for both the Newcastle and Aberdare choirs ran Mr. Francis very hard, a fact which Mr. Leslie recognized by awarding the former £10, and the latter £5, out of the sum at his disposal. The trial piece was, "In going to my lonely bed," a madrigal often sung, but rarely so well as on this occasion. The glee singing I did not hear; losing it and (happily) the Penillion business also.

All yesterday evening it blew a gale, and rained in torrents. Nevertheless, crowds of people wended their wet and muddy way to the Pavilion, and boldly plunged through the quagmire in front of each entrance door, attracted by the musical feast provided them. I need not give the programme, nor need I dwell upon the performance in which all the artists from Eos Cymru, Pencerddes (Edith Wynne) the favourite soprano, to Pencerdd Gwifyn (Lewis Thomas), the favourite basso, distinguished themselves. But I must mention how Llew Llwyfo, the "Roaring Lion," lifted up his voice though nothing was set down for him. This Llew Llwyfo, it would seem, is a great popular favourite, in virtue of his ability to sing very badly bad comic songs. In virtue of this ability also, he was excluded from the evening concert schemes, which Mr. B. Richards wished, most properly, to make as educational as possible. At this the "Roaring Lion's" many friends took umbrage; symptoms of dissatisfaction making their appearance even during the first evening. Taking warning in time, the managers resolved to unmuzzle the "Lion" and let him roar, which he did between the parts last night to the immense delight of his admirers, who encored him again and again. I am sorry for them. Throughout the evening the audience were noisy and unruly, while, to make matters worse, the rain beat upon the roof with ceaseless clatter, and poured through the chinks thereof till umbrellas sprung up everywhere, and, in the reserved places, ladies wearing evening dress sheltered themselves as best they could beneath them.

To-day's doings, with such comments upon the whole as may seem necessary, I must reserve till next week.

JENA.—The members of the Singacademie gave a grand concert lately, when they executed the following works: "Lacrimosa," for four part chorus, solos, and full band, F. Dräsecke; Hymn for Soprano, with Chorus and Organ, Mendelssohn; Adagio and Prelude for Violin, Bach (arranged for orchestra by Stör); Grand Mass in E flat, for Chorus, Solo, and Orchestra, F. Schubert. The solos were intrusted to Madame Röske-Lund and Herr Thieme. Herr Kömpel performed the violin-solo.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Herr von Borch, the Intendant General of the Imperial Theatres, died on the 10th August, aged sixty-two. It is said that his successor will be the son of General Gedenoff (Intendant General from 1833 to 1858).

PARIS.

(From an Original Correspondent.)

3rd of September

Here I am, and happy enough to have assisted at one of the greatest musical events of the Season; the overture of the Italian opera, which took place last night with the Sonnambula, Adelina Patti being the Amina.

Indeed (as it was once the case with Malibran and Pasta) the name of Adelina Patti is so strictly associated with *Les Italiens* since many years, that it is impossible for any manager to begin his operatic season without presenting the incomparable songstress at the head of his troop. You have been admiring Adelina great many times, like myself, in the part of Amina, and you know how grandious is she in the delineation of this highly lyric-dramatic character. But her constant accuracy and reflexion, her everlasting artistical animation, as well as a kind of congeniality which she throws in to every part on reproducing it, give always to her next performance the interest of a new conception, and make you enjoy the surprise of a high artistical revelation. As a singer A. Patti is now a day the only Italian singer, singing with the real Italian method, and representing in the highest degree the traditions of the great Italian School. As an actress A. Patti is true and unaffected.

These eminent qualities were highly displayed last night by the enchanting *Diva*. She was, as an actress, grand of pathos and expression in the finale of the second act, and as a singer, she was *éblouissante* in the *rondo finale* of the opera. The crowded and fashionable audience, which received their *enfant, gâté* with never-ending applauses on her appearance, sent down an *avantgarde* of beautiful bouquets after her first air in the first act. An avalanche of nosegays followed after the finale of the second act, and a shower of flowers in every form and shape covered the stage at the end of the opera. The enthusiasm of the public reached the highest pitch during the performance, and the great artist was recalled many times at the end of the second and the last act among general and vociferous acclamations.

The heat was suffocating, but being quite absorbed by the charm of the divine Adelina, we did not feel it until the performance was over. Of the other singers *Val meglio tacere* with the exception of Signor Bagagiolo (Rodolfo), who although a beginner in every respect, has got a very fine Bass voice. The chorus and orchestra went on correctly.

Mignon of A. Thomas, a very fine opera, keeps its place on the affiche of the opera comique. The Galli-Marie is undoubtedly a first-rate *Mignon* as an actress, but she has no voice at all. What a great part would become *Mignon* in the hands of Adelina Patti? Mdlle. Tietjens is just arrived in Paris to visit the exhibition, au revoir. Yours

SALVATORE SAVERIO BALDASSARE.

MR. BENEDICT has just composed a new vocal quartet, *La Primavera*, for four ladies' voices.

A NEW POEM BY LORD BYRON.—The *Sunday Times* informs its readers that a one act opera, founded on Lord Byron's *Bride of Corinth*, entitled *La Fiancée de Corinthe*, words by M. Du Locle, music by M. Duprats, will shortly be brought out at the Grand Opéra. We have some acquaintance with Lord Byron's works, but have never yet seen, nor heard of, *The Bride of Corinth*.

MISS JESSICA RANKIN, the accomplished poetess and authoress of the words to many of the most popular songs and ballads by Balfe, Wallace, Henry Smart, &c., &c., leaves England this day, by the good ship "The Wild Duck," bound for Wellington, New Zealand, where our readers, who are all admirers of her charming lyrics, no doubt wish her health, prosperity, and happiness.

HASTINGS.—A new Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. Lindridge, is about to be established at this fashionable seaport. Mr. Lindridge has entered into arrangements with certain London professors to give instructions in the various branches of the musical art. Of these we may mention that Mrs. Roney (late Miss Helen Hogarth) has been appointed teacher of singing, and Mr. Willem Coenen teacher of the pianoforte. Mr. Lindridge will himself instruct in the departments of the organ, harmonium, and harmony.

COVENT GARDEN CONCERTS.

Following the example originally set by Jullien, and subsequently imitated with such success by the late Alfred Mellon, the first part of one evening in each week is devoted to classical music; and, judging by the numerous attendance on Thursday last, the public must have a just appreciation of Beethoven, whose name was set up as the special attraction. A selection better calculated to please the general taste could hardly have been devised, commencing as it did with the best known of the great tone-poet's symphonies, the *Pastoral*—a work appealing alike to the sympathies of the most cultivated musician or the veriest tyro, always fresh, always charming—and ending with that most magnificent of overtures, the *Leonora*, at once the most popular and most masterly of the three which Beethoven composed for his only opera, *Fidelio*.

To the English public at large Signor Bottesini has been generally recognized only as a double-bass player of exceptional skill, but those more deeply interested in musical matters have long been aware that to his talents, as an executant upon an instrument of unwieldy nature, the clever Italian also adds the qualification of a highly finished conductor, having had considerable experience in that capacity both in Paris and the Havana. Any doubt on the question of his abilities to direct a large orchestra would have been effectually set at rest by the manner in which the various *tempi* were indicated in the Beethoven selection under notice; and so admirably was the second movement played, that the audience would fain have had it repeated, and loud cries of "encore" followed the close of the *Leonora* overture. M. Wieniawski played the first movement of the violin concerto in his accustomed manner, and was loudly applauded. There was but one vocal piece, Mignon's song, "Kenst du das Land," sung by Mdlle. Sarolta, who was re-called. This, with "Adelaida," played on the double-bass by Signor Bottesini, who was rapturously re-called, and the posthumous *allegretto* for the orchestra completed the first part of the concert. The second, conducted by Herr Strauss, was miscellaneous, and not remarkably interesting. Next Thursday the classical portion of the concert will be selected from the works of Mozart.

DRINKWATER HARD.

BROADSTAIRS.—The second concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Wednesday last, at the Assembly Rooms. The programme was well selected, and the concert rendered more attractive from the fact that those favourite and accomplished lady amateurs, Mrs. F. Talfourd, Miss Swaby, and Mrs. Phillips, were announced to sing. Another prominent feature was the pianoforte solos by Mr. Aguilar. "Great Bashaw," for an opening chorus, was rendered with good time; and the duo by Miss Swaby and Mrs. Talfourd, "Sul' aria," was given with sweetness and precision. Mr. Austen sang Leslie's song, "Speed on, my bark." Wallace's ballad, "Why do I weep for thee," was rendered by Mrs. Talfourd with the style and good taste which invariably pervades that lady's singing. Mr. Aguilar's fantasia on airs from *Faust* was performed by that gentleman with masterly execution. Verdi's cavatina, "Ah forse è lui," was capitally rendered by Mrs. Phillips. Curschmann's trio, "Ti Prego," was given with great accuracy, and Miss Swaby pleased the audience in Meyerbeer's "Priere and barcarolle." "March of the Southern heroes," a chorus (Mr. Filby composer), was given with thorough martial spirit, and only required a greater number of voices to show that it is a really good work. The second part opened with the chorus, "The Echo," which received an encore, Miss Swaby performing the echo in an adjoining room. Benedict's song, "Rage, thou angry storm," was sung by Mr. R. H. Foat, who has a fine, firm voice, over which he has thorough control. A song by Signor Guglielmo, "A still small voice," was sung by Mrs. Phillips with all the pathos which it requires, and elicited a well-deserved encore. "O fly with me," a pretty little part-song (Mendelssohn), was rendered with precision. Miss Swaby was encored in M. Gounod's "Berceuse." Mr. Aguilar again favoured the audience with a pianoforte solo of his own composition—"Le Desiré" (transcription), and "Couleur de Rose" ("galop brillante"); and we do not know which deserves the most praise, the composition itself, or the manner in which it was executed. Mrs. Talfourd created a *furor* in Benedict's "Carnaval de Venise," which was rapturously encored, when she gave "Comin' thro' the rye," with equal good taste. Mr. W. C. Filby conducted with his usual ability. The room was filled with a fashionable assemblage, who seemed thoroughly to appreciate the musical treat provided.—(Abridged from the *The Isle of Thanet Advertiser*, Aug. 31.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THAINE.—In the late fire at the Cathedral, the newly-erected organ fell a prey to the flames. Large quantities of the melted metal are being continually recovered from the ruins.

BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Reporter.)

Birmingham, Friday, Aug. 30.

At last night's concert the whole of the first part was absorbed by the new cantata of Mr. John Francis Barnett, *The Ancient Mariner*, which was conducted by the composer. More than thirty years ago the uncle of Mr. J. F. Barnett made a reputation with his opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, in which Miss Romer played the heroine, Wilson, Donald, and Henry Phillips, Hela. From the same pen came *Fair Rosamond* and *Farinelli*, which, if less popular than the first named work, still contained much charming music, and either of the three would be well worth a revival by any future enterprising individuals who, undeterred by previous failures, may have the courage once more to venture on the speculation of English Opera, which, even in the remote days alluded to, was not sufficiently attractive to induce Mr. John Barnett to extend his efforts in that direction or to continue his residence in London, which he quitted, many years since, for the more peaceful region of Cheltenham, at which pleasant spot he has ever since resided. But it is no part of my duty to write a biography of the uncle who has retired from public life, my present concern being with the nephew who has so recently made his entry into that arena.

As a pianist of no small present excellence and future promise Mr. John Francis Barnett has for some time been favourably known, while among other of his compositions, a symphony (introduced by the now defunct Musical Society of London) showed that the aspirations of the youthful musician were not bounded by the mere ordinary line, but tended towards higher and more daring flights. To grapple successfully with a subject like that of Coleridge's wondrously weird and beautiful poem might well require the genius of a Beethoven, a Weber, or a Mendelssohn, and if Mr. Barnett has not by a very long way approached either of the three greatest of this century's composers (and it is hardly fair to institute the comparison), he has at any rate shown that he has capacities of no mean character; that he can write equally well for voices and orchestra, that he has an agreeable notion of tune, which if not overburdened with novelty of idea, has the recommendation of being, for the most part, pleasant and flowing; that he has a nice sense of harmony, and that he is capable of writing music on a large scale without being pretentiously learned, still less for one moment laboriously dull; and, while on the one hand avoiding the school of the Wagnerites and mystics, he has not fallen into commonplace trivialities, and, altogether, Mr. Barnett deserves considerable credit for what he has undertaken and achieved with a success hardly to be expected from so early and ambitious an effort. Judged by the effect on the audience the cantata was a triumph, and at the close resulted in what is conventionally termed a "perfect ovation" for Mr. Barnett, applause resounding long and loud from all parts of the hall, the entire orchestra no less heartily demonstrating their opinion in favour of the young composer, who was singularly fortunate in having the opportunity of conducting his work with principals, band, and chorus, absolutely unsurpassable in Europe, to say nothing of enjoying the advantage of the frequent hints and valuable experience which had been beforehand so kindly given by Mr. Costa. An examination of the work in detail will be given in another column, here I have only space to mention that the solo parts were sustained by Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mdlle. Tietjens, and Madame Patey-Whytock, whose names are sufficient guarantee that ample justice was done to the cantata. Three pieces were encored, not by the will of one, but by some two thousand individuals. These (the pieces, not the individuals) were: the chorus, "About, about, in reel and rout;" the air, "O happy living things" (Mr. Santley); and the duet, "Two voices in the air" (Mdlle. Tietjens and Madame Patey-Whytock). Some enterprising *impressario* will no doubt afford the Londoners an opportunity of hearing *The Ancient Mariner* when the next musical season begins.

The second part of the concert was as follows:—

Overture (<i>Guillaume Tell</i>)	...	Rossini.*
Song—Mr. Weiss—"King Canute"	...	Weiss.
Duo—Mdlle. Nilsson and Mr. Sims Reeves—"Ah morir" (<i>Ernani</i>)	...	Verdi.*
Sonata—Pianoforte and violin—(in A major)—Madame A. Goddard and M. Sainton	...	Mozart.

Serenade—Mr. Cummings—"In youth's season" (<i>Le Médecin malgré lui</i>)	...	Gounod.
Song—Madame Sainton-Dolby—"Per pietà non ricescate"	...	Mozart.
Trio—Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Patey-Whytock, and Mr. Weiss—"L'usato ardir" (<i>Semiramide</i>)	...	Rossini.
Aria—Mdlle. C. Nilsson—"Ah fors'è lui" (<i>Traviata</i>)	...	Verdi.*
Aria—Mdlle. Tietjens—"Dove sono" (<i>Le Nozze di Figaro</i>)	...	Mozart.
Duo—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Sainton-Dolby—"Quis est homo"	...	Rossini.
Aria—Madame Patey-Whytock—"L'addio"	...	Mozart.
Aria—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington—"Della rosa il bel vermiglio" (<i>Bianca e Falliero</i>)	...	Rossini.
Quartetto—Mdlle. C. Nilsson, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Weiss—"Che vuol dir" (<i>Marta</i>)	...	Flotow.
Overture (<i>Masaniello</i>)	...	Auber.

The asterisks indicate the encores called for and accepted, but I need hardly say that Mr. Costa did not take his band all through the overture to *Guillaume Tell* a second time, the last movement (in accordance with usual custom) being alone repeated. Second in effect only to the great instrumental display in Rossini's brilliant prelude to his operatic masterpiece was a performance of a kind no less admirable, the lovely sonata of Mozart (in A major) for pianoforte and violin, in which the exquisitely finished playing of the accomplished French violinist was worthily associated, with the in all respects perfect execution of our greatest English pianist; and it would be scarcely possible to imagine on either side finer playing from beginning to end. To place an air like "Dove sono" immediately after "Ah fors'è lui" was hardly fair to Mdlle. Tietjens, who had, however, fortunately recovered sufficiently from her hoarseness to give the lovely song of the Countess in Mozart's ever delightful opera with all that charm which she so well knows how to infuse into it; and although no encore followed the German *prima donna*, her efforts were no less highly estimated than those of the fair Swede, who has fairly taken them all here by storm. Again was the concert far too long, and the exponents of the last half-dozen pieces had to waste their sweetness on a diminished and jaded audience. This morning the scheme commenced with M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* in G, which has taken the place otherwise intended for Rossini's *Petite Messe*, the first hearing of which, I understand, is to be reserved for the ears of the French Empress. Although written some years since, this composition of M. Gounod is comparatively unknown to the musical public, and was an absolute novelty to Birmingham. To those whose ideas of a mass are based upon similar compositions of Hadyn, Mozart, or the older Italian school, the work of this very much over-rated Frenchman must have sounded poor and trivial to the last degree, wanting as it is throughout in breadth, dignity, scholarship, and all the qualities which should go to make up a production of what should be solemn and imposing in character, instead of which trivialities, commonplaces, and devices of a kind utterly unworthy the subject everywhere abound, while reminiscences of *Faust* bring to mind the garden-scene, apotheosis, and various bits from his most popular opera, and, but for the words, one would hardly think a sacred work was being performed. It has been suggested that if heard in a cathedral, with the adjuncts of gorgeously attired priests, white robed acolytes, the perfume of incense, and the various surroundings of which the Roman Catholics make such artistic use in their service, the result would be different; but of my own knowledge I can at once answer this is not so, as I have heard it performed with all the pomp and circumstance alluded to, and found the effect lessened rather than heightened by the occasion. So far as the execution went this morning, there was nothing to be desired, Mdlle. Nilsson, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley singing the principal parts, and both band and chorus doing their duty unswervingly.

After the mass of M. Gounod, *Israel in Egypt* came with most refreshing vigour, and the entire orchestra addressed themselves to their task with just as much freshness and splendid energy as if it had been the first day of their week's work instead of the last, and the consequence was such a performance of Handel's great choral masterpiece as has never before been heard, chorus after chorus pealing forth with a force and precision nothing short of marvellous; and after the end of the first part it was a positive relief to have an interval from the long and breathless attention which had held everyone absolutely spell-

bound during the narrative of the wondrous miracles which attend the going forth of the Israelites out of the land of Egypt. The interpretation of the second part was, with one exception (the chorus, "Thou sentest forth," which nothing but the skilful generalship of Mr. Costa prevented from being an absolute breakdown) no less astounding than that of the first; and those who heard *Israel in Egypt* at this Festival may safely say that they have assisted at by far the grandest and most perfect performance on record. If I have reserved all allusion to the principal singers till the last, it is because the soloists contribute but a comparatively small share to the general effect of this stupendous work, which depends mainly on its great choral combinations; but I must not omit to mention that Madame Sainton-Dolby in "Their land brought forth," Madame Lemmens-Sherrington in "Thou didst blow" (to speak of which without reference to the "ground bass" would be heterodox to the last degree), and the last-named lady and Mdlle. Tietjens in the duet, "The Lord is my strength," were all that could be wished, while Messrs. Santley and Weiss gave the duet, "The Lord is a man of war," with such stentorian force that the inevitable repeat followed as a matter of course, Mdlle. Tietjens declaiming her one solo, "Sing ye to the Lord," with all her accustomed intelligence and energy. The "Hailstone" chorus was repeated, and "The enemy said" sung with such wonderful power that the President also asked for its repetition, but Mr. Sims Reeves declined to accede to the request—a course of proceeding which does honour to his moral courage and sense of justice, inasmuch as he had, at a previous evening concert, refused the compliment at the hands of his great supporters, the public, and therefore would not grant to a Presidential Earl that favour which he had already withheld from nearly two thousand of the money-paying audience.

The numbers present were 1915; amount received, £1614 7s. 6d., which, with £460 18s. 2d. in the shape of donations and collections gives a total of £2075 5s. 8d., against £1775 10s. 3d. on the Friday morning of 1864.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

The Festival concluded last night with almost as much brilliance as it commenced, and as in 1864, Mendelssohn began and ended the meeting. Then *St. Paul* was the first and *Elijah* the last work to be given, now the order was reversed, and the oratorio with which the world of music was astonished and delighted on its production in 1836 (first presented in this town at the Festival of the following year under the direction of its composer), now brought to a fitting close by far the most successful Festival on record. To say that the performance was equal to that of 1864 or to that of *Elijah* on Tuesday last would be untrue, but, on the other hand, it would be no less unjust to find fault with the execution of *St. Paul*, which was really wonderful considering the exceedingly trying and difficult nature of the work and the enormous amount of labour the band and chorus had undergone since Monday morning last. In the first part the principal soprano music was consigned to Mdlle. Tietjens, in the second to Mdlle. Lemmens Sherrington, Mdlle. Sainton-Dolby sustaining the contralto, Mr. Sims Reeves the tenor, and Mr. Santley the bass music throughout, Mr. Briggs and Mr. Smythson contributing valuable aid in minor though not unimportant parts. With such devout feeling and expression did the first-named gentleman sing the lovely cavatina, "Be thou faithful unto death" (the *obligato* violoncello accompaniment being admirably played by Mr. George Collins) that once more the audience took the matter in their own hands applauding most vehemently and trying their best to obtain an encore, which Mr. Sims Reeves consistently declined. The oratorio ended, "God Save the Queen" was sung in the same manner as at the opening of the Festival, the arrangement being worthy of perpetual adoption and altogether preventing the lamentable display which usually attends the performance of our sadly used National Anthem. Then again did the voice of the public unmistakably assert itself, and cries of "Costa" resounded from all parts of the hall, and long, loud, and hearty were the bravos that rung out from every member of band and chorus, who, above all others, could feel the force of that indomitable will combined with the highest acquirements of a finished musician, and who knew full well that this happy combination

of qualifications had gone so far to make the Festival of 1867 the most memorable ever held, even in the exceptional town of Birmingham, and the audience too seemed alike to feel that no praise could be too high for Mr. Costa, who has upon this occasion absolutely surpassed himself and, by comparison, placed his former achievements, great as they were, in the shade.

Great as has been the artistic success of the meeting, and high as must be the satisfaction of all those who contributed to such a result, there is yet another point from which the Festival must be regarded—a point of the utmost importance, being really the end and aim to which the whole thing owes its existence—I mean the pecuniary aspect; and this, fortunately, is quite commensurate with all that has been done; for, as the performances have been the best ever heard, so, also, has the amount of money taken been the largest ever known, the total receipts having been £13,998 12s. 8d.; the year 1834, when the Town Hall was opened, exhibits the next largest return, £13,527; in 1864 the receipts were £12,452 1s. 9d., and the present increase is £1546 10s. 11d. The President, the Earl of Beauchamp, has not missed a performance, and has been most liberal in his donations each day, the total amounting to £262 10s. The total of the donations and collections make £1649 9s. 2d.

The general summary stands thus:—

	1867.	1864.
Attendance—Tuesday	2532	2221
„ Wednesday	3793	3537
„ Thursday	4664	4408
„ Friday	3916	3979
	1867.	1864.
Receipts—Tuesday	£2684 11 7	£2185 2 4
„ Wednesday	3058 12 5	2980 18 3
„ Thursday	4301 5 0	4246 0 11
„ Friday	3226 0 8	3200 0 0
	£13,270 9 8	£12,562 1 6

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING STATEMENT.

	1867.	Persons Present.	Receipts.
Aug. 27. Tuesday, first day	2532	...	£2,684 11 7
„ 28. Wednesday, second day	3795	...	3,070 10 5
Total, first and second days	6327	...	£5,755 2 0
„ 29. Thursday, third day	4664	...	4,301 5 0
Total, first, second, and third days	£10,056 7 0
„ 30. Friday, fourth day	3,226 0 8
Total, first, second, third, and fourth days	£13,282 7 8
65 Tickets at five guineas each	341 5 0
Schemes	375 0 0
Total	£13,998 12 8

Amongst the visitors during the week have been:—

The Earl of Beauchamp, the Mayor of Birmingham, the Recorder the High Sheriffs of Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire; the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dukes of Grafton and Rutland, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Bradford, the Earl Powis, Lord Raglan, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Lyttelton, Lord W. Scott, Viscount Lifford, Lord Rendlesham, Lord Bagot, Lord Leigh, the Bishops of Worcester, Rochester, and New Zealand, the Dean of Worcester, the Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., the Right Hon. C. B. Adderley M.P., Major General Legge, the Dean of York, Sir W. W. Burton, Sir H. Hamilton, Sir T. Biddulph, Sir W. Parker, Sir Adair Bittleson, the Rev. Sir Gore Ouseley, the Hon. J. Dormer, Sir J. Duckworth, General Sir W. Gomm, General Wheeler, General Townshend, Mr. Bentinck, M.P., Mr. Hardy, M.P., Mr. Dixon, M.P., the Hon. S. Egerton, the Hon. W. Wrottesley, Mr. W. Price, M.P. Mr. Newdegate, M.P., Mr. Wise, M.P., Sir J. Chetwynd, the Hon. J. Bridgman, the Hon. and Rev. James Legh, Sir R. Alleyne, the Ven. Archdeacon Moore, Sir W. Fitzherbert, Sir J. Morris, Messrs. Beale, Caldecott, Boulton, Monckton, Whateley, Colmore, Lucas, Sterndale Bennett (principal of the Royal Academy of Music), Professor Oakeley (Edinburgh Chair of Music), Benedict, Dowell, Ferrari, Cusins, H. Leslie, Sullivan, F. Romer, John Barnett, (Cheltenham), J. Barnett, Bowley, and Grove (Crystal Palace), Sherrard (Sacred Harmonic Society), Randegger, Robinson (Dublin), Mapleson (Her Majesty's Theatre), Chorley, J. W. Davison, Grunstein, Lincoln, C. Clarke, J. Bennett, H. Glover, Lunn, Clemow, Hutchings, Cocks, &c.

I cannot close my notice without acknowledging the polite attention of the authorities in general, and of Mr. Hughes, the active and obliging secretary, in particular, every information and facility being afforded to the members of the London press; while to the very efficient police arrangements and the systematic management of the approaches to the hall the highest commendation is due.

DRINKWATER HARD.

Sept. 2.

P.S.—I heard a rumour, which I sincerely hope to be unfounded, to the effect that the Festival just over would be Mr. Costa's last. The following remarks on this subject are from today's *Standard* and *Morning Herald*, the writer in which journals is usually very well informed on such matters.

D.H.

"The oratorio being over, the National Anthem was sung, and then came such an ovation for Costa as has been not often heard within the Town Hall. Chorus, band, chief singers, and auditory coalesced in this decided demonstration for the conductor, who this festival has surpassed all his former achievements. Perhaps there was something more earnest in the manifestation, on account of a general impression that a slight had been offered to Mr. Costa, first, by the non-repetition of his oratorio *Naaman*, the great triumph of 1864; and, secondly, that his name was not set down for a single piece in either morning or evening performances. It was reported in the hall that so sensibly has Costa felt a week of annoyance of many kinds that the Festival of 1867 will be his last appearance here as conductor of a series of musical performances which have given Birmingham European fame. The circumstances attending the musical arrangements have been freely referred to during the week, accompanied with the curious statement that the general committee and the majority of the orchestral committee have been kept quite in ignorance of certain inducements which have led Costa to adopt the resolution never more to expose himself to a renewal of the treatment he has experienced. If his determination be final, his loss will be irreparable; and it is to be hoped that the financial success of the meeting will not influence the managing committee to be insensible to the prospects of the future. The administrative arrangements, as usual here, have been admirable, and the courtesy of the stewards and officials as marked as ever.

MISS BATEMAN.—English playgoers will learn with much pleasure that the highly accomplished and popular Transatlantic comedienne, Miss Bateman, is about to pay another professional visit to this country, albeit when the young lady played out her last performances here it was partly understood she was about to retire into private life. Whatever the cause which brings back the fair actress to the stage, of which she was one of its very brightest ornaments, the event of her return will be a matter of congratulation to all lovers of the truthful and beautiful in the histrionic art. Miss Bateman will commence a *tournee* throughout the English provinces and Ireland and Scotland in October, playing for the most part a round of Shaksperian characters, which will terminate at Christmas. Early in the spring we may anticipate seeing her at one or other of the metropolitan theatres; but at present her provincial engagements alone are determined and arranged. The London public above all are deeply interested in Miss Bateman's re-appearance. No artist for many years had gained a larger and more enthusiastic circle of admirers.—*Morning Herald* and *Standard*.

SALZBURG.—The festivities in honour of the Emperor Napoleon's visit were brought to a termination by a concert of the Vienna Association for Male Voices, the members of which came from the Austrian capital for the express purpose. The programme consisted of "Vineta," Abt; "Widerspruch," Schubert; "Loreley," Silcher; "Kärnthnerische Volkslieder," harmonized by Herbeck; "Ständchen," Gumbert (sung by Dr. Olschbauer); "Rosenstrauch, Holderblüh," Suabian folk's-song; "Waldeinsamkeit," Storch (baritone solo, Dr. Krückl); "An die Entfernte," Schubert; and "Reiterlied," Otto. After the concert, which went off most brilliantly, the Emperor Francis Joseph himself presented the President of the Association to the Emperor Napoleon. The latter instantly commenced a conversation in the German language. He said he was always fond of hearing German singing, as it reminded him of his youth. He declared he had often listened to Associations for Male Voices, but never knew one so well-trained before. He then went on to remark he was glad that male choral singing was making progress in France, though it had not yet attained such a pitch of excellence as in Germany. He asked, also, several questions regarding the constitution of the Association. The President afforded the requisite information, and, likewise, pointed out the Emperor Napoleon that while in France the members of the choral associations belong exclusively to the labouring classes; in Germany they are drawn from all ranks.

LONDON THEATRE ORCHESTRAS.

The autumn and winter seasons of most of our theatres being about to begin, it may not be out of place to examine how the musical portion of their entertainment can be so improved as to make it a means of cultivation to those who do not, or cannot, attend musical performances of a higher class. As many of our readers have, perhaps, no clear conception of the number and nature of a theatrical band, they occasionally give that name to any musical organization consisting of wind and string instruments. Managers of places of amusement, who ought to know, and in fact do know better, turn this often to a ludicrous account by announcing in their playbills, "Overture for full orchestra," which full orchestra often consists of from nine to twelve players. The proper execution of any orchestral music in a theatre requires *not less* than the following instruments:—Three first violins, two second violins, one alto, one violoncello, two double-basses, two flutes, two clarionets, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets and cornets combined, one trombone, and one pair of drums; total, twenty-two musicians. Even with this number, large for a theatrical orchestra, some music requiring additional instruments could not be performed if their passages were not given to other instruments of nearly the same compass. This is not always feasible, as, for instance, when all the instruments have important passages of their own to perform. Although not perfectly legitimate, yet without this re-arranging no music but of the simplest kind could be given in our theatres. Such arrangements are generally made by German and French musicians, and the passages for instruments not in the orchestra are marked by smaller notes in the part of instruments having the greatest similarity of sound with the absent ones. Some of these arrangements, mostly of dance and operatic music, are cleverly done, and, if rendered by skilled musicians, are very effective. But a few only of our theatrical orchestras have more than from ten to twelve performers, and consequently these arrangements must be still further reduced, which is mostly done by simply omitting the parts unrepresented in the orchestra. Such small bands have generally but a simple string quartet, one flute, one clarionet, one cornet, one trombone, and one drum, to drown all deficiencies. Several of our theatrical managers even go so far as to deprive their orchestras of horns and violoncello, those most important of harmony-sustaining instruments. The effect produced by such a combination may be guessed at from the absolute fact that the poorest arrangement of the poorest kind of music requires, besides the latter instruments, two clarionets and two cornets without which the performance of "civilized" music becomes an impossibility, no matter if leader and band be good or bad. A good musician never accepts an engagement in such an orchestra but under the spur of absolute necessity, and always at the risk of his artistic dignity.

The requirements of the English melodrama necessitate very frequently the presence of the musician in the orchestra during the progress of the play. The entrance and exit of the virtuous yet suffering country maiden, of the grim traitor, of the burly English squire, must be marked by what the managers pleasingly style on the bills "characteristic music." It used to be formerly a matter of no little pride for a leader to be the fortunate possessor of a large collection of such small pieces, numbered and labelled:—"Slow music," "Mysterious music," "Dreamy music," "Thieves' pizzicato," "Creeping murderer's music," "Triumphant virtue music," "Hunting music," "Lively dreamy music," "Agitatoes," "Hurries," "Dying music," "Wild music," "Angel and demon music"—and all to be used at the fitting occasion. In one instance within our recollection, the "Creeping murderer's music" was, through the ignorance of the conductor, played at the apotheosis of Marguerite; while, as if to equal things, "The Mousetrap-seller's Waltz" sweetened, on another occasion, the dying pangs of Juliet.

It is needless to say that some of the leaders in our best theatres can, and do write appropriate music where it is required. But by far the greater number are innocent of this talent, and have no choice left but to borrow the needed music, or else submit their musical listeners to a mild species of torture.

The leader and band once engaged, the manager ordinarily insists upon having none of that scientific music played between the acts, but music to please the million, which ukase means, alas! to play nothing but pieces already too familiar to the public by the art of the organ-grinder, forgetting entirely that the public, even

the most unintellectual, has an instinctive knowledge of good and bad music. I have often wondered at the—I might almost call it infallibility of the masses in musical matters. Whenever good music is performed, there are few indeed who do not appreciate and applaud it. Even small orchestras have, in Haydn's and Mozart's symphonies, quite a choice of fine music of an easy comprehension. There is no earthly reason why a fragment of a quatuor, sextet, or octet, might not be given occasionally. Several distinguished German masters, such as Lindpaintner, Hiller, Reissiger, and others, have written charming music for the express purpose of being played between the acts. If lighter music is to be given why not select from composers like Strauss, Lanner, Gungl, and Labitzky, at least well written dance music, rather than vitiate the public taste by a hodge-podge jumble of melodies of sensuous, senseless, no-meaning, founded on filthy comic songs, which no respectable persons would allow to be seen in their houses, each of them without the slightest logical or musical connection with the one that succeeds.

Shrewd and intelligent managers will have to be careful, and instead of preventing, rather encourage their orchestra in the right direction; for, between two equally well-directed theatres, the public will certainly patronize the one where the importance of good music is recognized. Do not the public, when they hear a good military band, readily distinguish between what is good and bad music? Does not their wrapt attention, whenever a good piece of music is performed, show that the beautiful is as intuitively felt in music as in the art of the painter, the sculptor, actor, or architect? Do the managers of our theatres think their public less intelligent? If so, I believe they are mistaken. The following should constitute rules for theatrical directors:—

1st.—If music is needed at all in theatres, good music, executed by sufficiently strong orchestra, should be given.

2nd.—No manager, under the name of orchestra, should provide a smaller number of performers than from 18 to 20.

3.—To reduce musicians to the level and number of a common street band should be accepted as a proof that managers do not believe in the progress of art culture.

4.—Managers should not compel musicians to play music distasteful to them.

5.—To pay salaries that men can support themselves on, and keep themselves respectable.—When we hear of performers receiving one pound a week, and seldom over 25s., it is time a little reformation was made in every way in the orchestra of our theatres, it being sadly needed.

BASHI BAZOOK.

AUCKLAND.—The complimentary concert to his Excellency Sir George Grey, came off last evening in the Brunswick Hall, and was in every respect a success. The entertainment had its origin in a desire expressed by the members of the Choral Society of celebrating the return of his Excellency to Auckland. His Excellency, in complying with the request, expressed a wish that the concert should be for the benefit of the widow of the late Mr. Hugh Reid, a useful and zealous member of the society. We have no doubt a handsome sum will be obtained for that laudable object. The arrangements were as perfect as could well be desired, and could not fail to ensure success. The assembly included his Honour the Superintendent and members of the Executive; the Bishop of New Zealand and a number of the clergy of the Established Church, also several ministers of other religious denominations; Mr. Justice Moore, the Hon Mr. Swainson, other persons of high position, and a number of naval and military officers. The orchestra was composed of some fifty vocalists and twenty instrumentalists, many of whom possess musical talent and ability above mediocrity. They were under the skilful leadership of Mr. J. Brown. H. C. Balneavis, Esq. led the instrumentalists. Before the concert commenced, his Excellency Sir George Grey entered the hall, accompanied by his Honour the Superintendent, Major Grey, A.D.C., the Rev. Mr. Thatcher, private secretary, and Captain Hope, R.N., who escorted him to his seat immediately in front of the orchestra. The musicians performed the National Anthem, the entire audience standing. The concert opened with Beethoven's Mass in C. The instrumentalists and vocalists performed their respective parts with an amount of musical ability we did not expect to see displayed. At the close of the first part of the entertainment the Lord Bishop of New Zealand presented the congratulatory address from the Choral Society to his Excellency the Governor. His Excellency returned thanks in a pointed and apposite speech, which was received with thunders of applause. The natives then came in, led

by Hamiora Tu, of Tauranga, and accompanied by Mr. C. O. Davis, without whom nothing in this way could have been attempted. There were about thirty of them—men and women—dressed in native garments, mostly from the collection of Mr. Mackay, Civil Commissioner. The majority were of the Ngatiteata tribe of Waiuku, although there were representatives of the Ngaiterangi, Ngatihana, and Arawa tribes. The songs were all from the collection of native "waiatas" made by Sir George Grey, and are well known in every settlement of the island. After these songs, His Excellency stepped forward, and addressing Hamiora Tu, said that enough had been done by them. The secular part of the concert was then proceeded with. The pieces were—overture, *Semiramide*, Rossini; glee, "Praise of Spring," Mendelssohn; part-song, "The Image of the Rose," G. Reichardt; quartet, "The Happiest Land," J. L. Hatton. The National Anthem was then performed, the solo parts sung by Miss Donovan, the whole audience standing and joining in the chorus. The concert did not terminate till nearly midnight, and we may say, in conclusion, that it was a worthy testimonial of respect to his Excellency from both the European and Maori inhabitants of Auckland.—Abridged from the *Daily Southern Chronicle*, June 7.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

HAMMOND & Co.—"Thus goes the world around," by I. W. Thirlwall.

SASSETTI & Co. (Lisbon).—"Le Gladiateur," galop de bravoure pour piano; par Annibal Napoléon.

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